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## **PAT ON THE BACK**

A salute to those who have earned the good opinion of the world of sport, if not yet its tallest headlines

### **BEVERLY BAKER FLEITZ**

Ambidextrous Bev Fleitz hits forehands from both sides and owns a powerful serve. Pretty Bev, who came back to win the U.S. hard court title after an ankle injury knocked her out of the nationals, is in top form again for the 1955 season.

### **CHIHARU (Chick) IGAYA**

Ever since he came to the U.S. from Japan two years ago, Chick Igaya has monopolized the national slalom championship. This soft-spoken 23-year-old has been called the world's greatest in his specialty. Chick majors in geography at Dartmouth.

### **ERNESTINE (Ernie) Russell**

In 1954 as in 1953, pert gymnast Ernie Russell of Windsor is Canada's amateur woman athlete of the year. Now 16, Ernie is already looking forward to the 1956 Olympics.



*"No man ever stands so  
Straight as when he  
Stoops to help a boy"*



**BIG BROTHER WEEK**  
**JANUARY 9 to 16<sup>th</sup>**

**JIMMY JEMAIL'S  
HOTBOX**



JIMMY JEMAIL

**The Question:**

**Do the  
rules permit  
the calling  
of too  
many fouls  
in basketball?**

**ROME SCHWAGEL**, *Keedysville, Md.*  
sales manager



"Fouls could be cut down if high school and college coaches taught proper defense. They don't. They concentrate on offense.

There's as much art to shooting fouls as baskets. That's the reason for the bonus rule. It puts a premium on accuracy. The player has to sink the first try to get a bonus shot."

**NED IRISH**, *executive vice pres.*  
*Madison Square Garden, N.Y.*



"Yes, in college basketball. They should limit the fouls a team can make in one half. Each foul over the allotted number would

give the other team an extra foul shot. The boys would be more careful about fouling. Forcing a team to take a shot at the basket every 30 seconds would also lessen fouls."

**MRS. FRANK BLAIR**, *Ipsington, N.Y.*  
housewife



"Certainly. Basketball on radio seems a succession of whistles. I counted seven in one minute. When a player is shooting, why

should it be a foul for an opponent to deflect his aim? Seldom have I seen action continue for a full minute. Three of my five sons play basketball. They agree."

**JOHN WOODEN**, *Los Angeles, Calif.*  
UCLA coach



"An ordinary foul should be a one-shot foul. I don't believe in bonus gifts. The double foul should be for roughness and fouling

a man who is shooting. In the last three minutes, every foul is a two-shot foul. No wonder an occasional game is won with more points scored on fouls than baskets."

**RALPH J. BUNCHE**, *New Gardens, N.Y.*  
Under Secretary  
United Nations



"Calling too many fouls does slow up a game. And you occasionally wonder why a foul is called. It's 30 years since I played

with UCLA. Officials were not so quick to call contact fouls. Roughing, yes, but not technical fouls. I liked the game we played better than today's game."

**TOM GOLA**, *Philadelphia, Pa.*  
La Salle captain



"No. I like the game as it is. There's no way to cut down on fouls. The rules are not at fault. It's up to the players. They can play

any kind of game they please. I don't think that rules can be made to reduce the number of fouls. So it gets down to proper coaching and proper playing."

**GUSTAV B. MARGRAF**, *Rye, N.Y.*  
vice pres. National  
Broadcasting Co.



"Yes. To me, the real art in basketball is teamwork and shooting baskets. Frequent calling of fouls by overzealous officials

ruins teamwork and runs the game for the spectators. At Madison Square Garden, UCLA scored more goals than La Salle but lost the game on fouls."

**TOM BLACKBURN**, *Dayton, Ohio*  
Dayton University coach



"There are too many fouls in some games. But you'll see more action in our 40 minutes of play than in other contact sports.

In boxing, if you eliminate the stalling and feinting, you may get three full rounds of fighting. The same applies to football and baseball. The fouls don't spoil the game."

## MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

A CLUSTER of diverse items on my desk at the end of the year reflected in several ways some of the things that happen when people read **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. For example:

Nancy Wickham Boyd sent us a hastily penned note from her Vermont Workshop. "Durn these Yankee craftsmen. We are having quite a time getting them to come through." Miss Boyd's concern stemmed from the wave of requests she received for the Christmas gifts from her shop which appeared in SI's gift list Nov. 22. "When things calm down, we'll get to the facts, but so far we've had loads of actual orders, mostly for the sea gull, but also for many double birds, Wickham lamps, etc." At this point, as she set forth to prod her conscientious Yankees on, the note ended with a terse, but happy, "More later!"



\* \* \*

In Milwaukee it looks as if there will be more bulls'-eyes than ever when Mildred Miller realizes an ambition and begins to teach archery to physical education instructors next March. And next fall, archery will be an official part of the curriculum in Milwaukee public schools. A longtime longbow expert, Miss Miller (whom SI applauded with a Pat on the Back for becoming national women's *crossebow* champion last August less than a month after she took up the sport) was national champion in 1945 and is a member of the board of governors of the National Archers Association. But, she told us with a chuckle, "they finally decided maybe I was qualified to give a course when they found I could make **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**."

\* \* \*

In New York City, meanwhile, gentlemen's tailor J. Press reported a heavy run on "The Not So Odd Jacket" which Vic Seixas wore in *The Sporting Look*, Oct. 25. For two Christmas-minded customers, one jacket was not enough. Each bought a pair. \*

\* \* \*

A passing mention in SI of Georgia Tech's song, *My Yellow Jacket Girl*, has led authorities of this now co-ed school to co-star her in the band repertory along with the famous *Ramblin' Wreck*. The mention also brought the author, Prof. Nicholas Chotas of the University of Florida, a spate of letters, mostly asking for copies of the song. But in SI one thing usually leads to another, and when a doctor in Michigan read in our Nov. 1 issue that Prof. Chotas hopes some day to write the great American light opera, he invited Chotas to write the words for one the doctor had already written.



\* \* \*

These random items seemed to say that **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, like the people who read it, is getting around. But a final item which probably says this best is a report from the circulation department announcing that our weekly circulation has now gone to 575,000, up 50,000 since the last time we mentioned it a couple of months ago, and up 125,000 over the mark we set for ourselves before the first issue appeared. SI is now getting around more than ever.

*Harry Phillips*

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## Notice to Fish Conservationists



The Sport Fishing Institute has asked us to announce the publication of "Fish Conservation Fundamentals," by R. W. Eschmeyer. Because of the demand from the fishing public for the Institute's BULLETINS on Conservation, officials decided to reproduce the series in its entirety, and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is happy to pass this information along. The booklet is attractively bound in heavy-paper covers, cleverly illustrated—with chapters covering every aspect of Conservation: stocking, regulations, habitat improvement, research, recommendations for a modern program. A library "must" for anglers and conservation-minded laymen. Special prices (see below) are available to fishing clubs, nature and conservation groups. Use coupon below to order your copies. Sport Fishing Institute, Bond Bldg., Washington, D. C.

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**COVER:** Bullfight in Tijuana  
Photograph by MARK KAUFFMAN

When the color camera of Mark Kauffman caught this dramatic picture of Rafael Rodriguez, the young Mexican bullfighter was taking the bull past him in a right-handed muleta pass—and life and death were balanced on a raging animal's horns. For more color pictures of the most wonderful and terrible drama in the world of sports, taken in Mexico's Tijuana bull ring, see pages 31-33.

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## IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

## THE HOWE OF HOCKEY—IN WORDS AND COLOR

A portrait of Gordie Howe and a midseason report on the professional race by HERBERT WARREN WIND, with four pages of spectacular photographs IN COLOR by HY PESKIN.

PLUS: ANOTHER CHAPTER IN SI'S CONTINUING  
EXAMINATION OF BOXING IN THE U.S.

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## BASKETBALL AT ITS BEST

The Ft. Wayne Pistons play the old peach-basket game with unbelievable skill. A look at the season to date and a preview of the All-Star.

## THOSE COLORFUL SWEDES

The great Swedish gymnastic team, now visiting the U.S., in four pages of pictures. IN COLOR.

## THE BRIDGE CHAMPIONSHIP

The urbane struggle for the world title is on in New York now. A special SI report in words and pictures.

## BOXING GETS A RACKET

The week brought news from New York that was full of promise for boxing's

FOR U.S. boxing fans last week the best news came from New York. There a brand-new boxing commissioner named Julius Helfand—picked not so much for his savvy about prizefighting as for his success as a racket buster—began a three-year term.

Helfand's first act was to name as his confidential deputy the man who has been his aide in the Homicide and Rackets divisions of the Brooklyn District Attorney's office for 10 years, Bill Dabut. It was a pointed indication that boxing—long overdue for the D.A. approach—is about to get it. A renovation of boxing in New York, national headquarters of the sport, would be felt throughout the U.S.

The reporters dropped around at once to size up Helfand. They knew

him only as the man who broke up a \$20-\$30 million gambling-graft operation involving crooked cops not so long ago. What did he know about boxing and what was he going to do about it?

Helfand said he didn't know any more about boxing than the average fan—the last big fight he attended was Billy Conn vs. Joe Louis—and, like millions of other fans, he saw most fights on television. "But," he added, "if I don't know all the angles after 17 years in [D.A. work], there's something wrong with me."

Helfand held his first session as commission chairman and showed a capacity for quick study and decisive action. He cancelled a Springville, N.Y. boxing card because one of the main-event fighters had been knocked out

in his last three bouts. He refused a boxer's license to an applicant whose criminal record included narcotics possession, though he made it clear that rehabilitated criminals were not necessarily barred from boxing. But possession of drugs, he said, was too "heinous" to be tolerated. And he turned a hard prosecutor's eye on Irving Cohen, who used to manage Rocky Graziano and requested sanction for a 15½% share of two preliminary fighters. Somewhere, apparently, Helfand had heard about undercover ownership of boxers by hoodlums. He asked if anyone else was involved. No, said Cohen. Helfand threatened revocation of boxers' and managers' licenses if it turned out differently, then granted Cohen's request.

Meanwhile, headlines bloomed

## COLUMNS OF THE WEEK

## New York World-Telegram

The World-Telegram

"Helfand knows the breed, and perhaps he can exterminate its influences. . . ."

by DAN DANIEL



## Daily Mirror

"So, 'Sic 'em, Julius!' and don't pay any attention to the barbs. . . ."

by DAN PARKER



ORDINARILY, reorganization of a minor state bureau in New York hardly would excite repercussions in California, England and France. But the political overbrow of Bob Christenberry, Republican, as chairman of the New York Athletic Commission, and appointment of Julius Helfand, Democrat, in his place, is of far greater than parochial importance.

The New York Commission always has exercised a tremendous influence over world boxing. The European Boxing Union may name Robert Cohen as hantamweight champion, the National Boxing Assn. may come up, as it did recently, with a phony recognition of Mexico's Raton Macias.

But, in the final analysis, what the chairman of the New York body thinks about any important ring issue is of the greatest weight. Christenberry has been the chairman of the World Championship Committee of the EBU.

Boxing is not in a healthy state in this country. For this, much of the blame must be traced to the New York Commission. Perhaps the illness has advanced to the incurable stage. Helfand's regime, which conceivably will endure at least through the four years of Averell Harriman's term as governor, may discover a miracle antibiotic. And then again, it may decide on a mercy killing.

No matter what the outcome, the hoodlum influence in New York boxing is in for a rugged time. Helfand, with a

*continued on page 10*

JULIUS HELFAND, the new chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, has four points in his favor to start with:

- 1) He knows nothing about boxing, has no ties with it and therefore isn't handicapped at the outset by the feeling encountered among practically all boxing men that their first allegiance is to the game rather than to the public.
- 2) His training as a racket buster in the Brooklyn District Attorney's office has made him familiar with the methods and background of some of the unlicensed rulers of boxing with whom he will have to deal, if he takes his new post seriously.
- 3) He is a career man whose future in politics will depend largely on what he accomplishes in a post that has been a stumbling block instead of a stepping stone for others because, instead of taking the bull by the horns, they just took the hull.
- 4) He hasn't launched his career by making a lot of grandiose promises, impossible of fulfillment, as did his predecessors. . . .

Because television has made prizefighting national in scope, rather than a business confined to its point of origin, there will be complications that Mr. Helfand didn't encounter when he was dealing with bookmakers, grafting policemen and assorted hoodlums in Brooklyn. But if he pursues boxing's devious trails to wherever they may lead

*continued on page 10*

# BUSTER

## long overdue national renovation

across the country as the daily press began to dig into boxing's dirty business. For the Hearst papers, the *New York Journal American's* Hugh Bradley began a page-one series entitled, **BOXING—HOW HONEST IS IT?** The *Philadelphia Bulletin* made a survey, front-paged its startling finding: "One out of every four Philadelphia boxing figures licensed by the State Athletic Commission in 1954 has a police record."

In New York, leading sports columnists acclaimed the Helfand appointment as a major step forward on a long, hard road, and vied with each other in diagnosing the problem he faces (*see below*).

It began to look as though the press had found an issue worth its power.



**RACKET BUSTER** Julius Helfand (foreground) made his first act on appointment as boxing commission chairman the hiring of fellow racket buster, William Dahut.

## New York Post

Reprinted from N.Y. Post © 1955 N.Y. Post Corp.

"My advice to Helfand is, welcome to the beat but don't back up. . . ."

by JIMMY CANNON



## The New York Times.

"There's a job to be done . . . here is one man who may be able to do it. . . ."

by ARTHUR DALEY



**T**HE fight racket is more a conspiracy than a sport. It is governed with clandestine efficiency by cruel and greedy scoundrels who are educated in the trickery of intimidation.

Some are talented blackmailers and also men of fierce violence. They are gifted in all the forms of shakedowns, heists and murder. The importance of a man in the underworld often determines his prestige in the fight racket. . . .

Now Julius Helfand has been appointed chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission. Such a decision by Governor Averell Harriman appears to be the most intelligent of the vague attempts to reinstate the fight racket as a respectable but hazardous sport, because Helfand is a prosecutor who is familiar with the underworld. . . .

It is accepted by all law enforcement groups that bookmakers can't function without political assistance. Most of them have underworld guys as their partners. The gambling setup resembles the fight racket, where Frankie Carbo, an old thug from the bootleg mobs, is the most powerful man in the dirty business. . . .

It is common knowledge that Carbo has a piece of three world's champions. He controls their managers and makes of them messengers of his desires. Minor gorillas bull their way into surreptitious partnerships. All they offer is their reputations for brutality. The manager who doesn't accept them is run out of the fight racket by boycotts.

*continued on page 10*

**O**NE of the most surprising of Governor Harriman's appointments—it was a surprise even to the recipient—was the naming of Julius Helfand as chairman of the boxing commission. It was a case of the job seeking the man. And what a man it sought!

Julius Helfand is a racket buster and, if ever a business needed a racket buster, it's the Manly Art of Self-Defense. . . . The new chairman knows virtually nothing about the fist-fighting trade. But he takes into office with him a much finer recommendation. He's the implacable prosecutor who routed out Harry Gross's \$30-million-a-year bookie syndicate, unearthed corrupt ties with the police and smashed the operation to smithereens.

For 17 years Helfand has been pursuing malefactors. He's therefore built up a good head of steam. In the new job he won't have to bank his fires one bit. Instead, he can stoke on more coal and keep pursuing. He's even liable to run down some familiar figures in his headlong chase.

His critics say he is too ambitious, and that seems to be the worst rap they can pin on him. They also say he is honest, a prodigious worker and a clever prosecutor. They all add up to admirable qualities for the job at hand.

Most boxing chairmen—the official title is Chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission—have been practical politicians or dewy-eyed idealists. Helfand is neither. He's like the *Drognet* character who demands,

*continued on page 10*

## DAN DANIEL *continued*

racket-busting reputation in Brooklyn, is well equipped for the campaign.

His friends tell me that Helfand did not accept the boxing job with the idea of digging into the commission office for a career. Julie wants to be a judge. That is bad news for Frank Carbo and associates.

Helfand is confronted with an appalling agenda. There are so many things wrong, there are so many possibly beneficial moves to be tried. If he is wise—and his reputation encourages the strong belief that he is—the new chairman will move slowly, step by step cleaning up one stall at a time.

What Helfand will be after is a cleanout of the lobbyists who were forced on Christenberry by the political associations of his job. The new czar must not trade one set of hangers-on for another.

Helfand will seek more fights between well-matched boxers for greater state revenue, and stronger appeal to a public whose taste has been jaded by a lot of what are known as "TV bouts." . . .

The new chairman will fight the sinister undercover manager. Christenberry was not equipped for this combat. He had had no experience with hoodlums. Helfand knows the breed, and perhaps he can exterminate its influences on boxing. . . .

A tough task? Yes. More than tough. But Helfand asked for it. Now let us see him roll up his sleeves and start hacking in the right places.

## DAN PARKER *continued*

him, he might succeed, where others failed, in bringing federal action against the vicious little circle that has bottled up the business for its own purposes. . . .

Naturally, the IBC will throw its weight around. It may continue to stage its fights, or counterfeit thereof, in distant cities, but that wouldn't be an unmitigated calamity. The farther away some of them are held, the better. . . .

Promoter Norris may enjoy some temporary success in other centers of operations but his policies aren't conducive to building up good will for himself and his organization anywhere. Whenever he wants to roll up a big gate with an open-air fight that has appeal—and there are so few good boxers left that such matches are getting scarcer than the whistling swan—he'll have to come back here where, in spite of his sponsorship, the fight would still do better than anywhere else. Norris may talk of making San Francisco the fight capital of the world, as he did of Chicago a few years ago, but he's not kidding anyone around here with that hokum. Besides, there won't be any fight centers left anywhere if the IBC continues in its present trend.

The last person I would think Commissioner Helfand would want to seek advice from on how to proceed about cleaning up would be Norris. . . . In this respect, it is to remember that, in a business so closely allied to politics, pressure is brought to bear in behalf of the undesirable elements from the highest places and a well-meaning administrator often finds himself handicapped when he gets anywhere near the quarry he has set his sights for. . . .

So, "Sic 'em, Julius!" and don't pay any attention to the barba that'll come your way from some of the most surprising sources when you do.

## JIMMY CANNON *continued*

It is rare when a muscle man uses a ball bat, a knife or a pistol. But a head-breaker was assigned to take out Ray Arel with a lead pipe in Boston and there have been other instances of guys being worked over when they rejected the propositions of the underworld.

The big weapon is the freeze-out. The manager who backs them discovers the services of his pugs are not wanted. The matchmaker who challenges them finds managers are ducking him. The promoter has his cards taken from him by suspicious ailments that attack his main event performers.

It is the complaint of some that television has moved the fight racket out of New York City. It is true that fighters no longer pine to fight on top at the Garden. But it is here they all come to make their transactions. The managers who represent the famous fighters work out of here. Their offices are in the theatrical buildings of midtown.

The richest man ever to become interested in the fight racket, Jim Norris, runs his monopoly from a desk in Madison Square Garden. The shows are put on the road from here. And Carbo trained with the New York gangs and is still a local guy. . . .

My advice to Helfand is, welcome to the beat but don't back up. He must be prepared to be courted by flattery and subtle threats. Big men will work on him to drop his whip. But unless he drives Carbo and his kind out of the fight racket, he will be considered a bust. I think he'll make it. And I'm on his side.

## ARTHUR DALEY *continued*

"Only the facts, m'n'am, only the facts." . . .

"I naturally have to feel my way along," he said, and then waved his hand impatiently as if he should brush away that cliché. "Let me put it this way. This is a brand new field but the approach to it is no different from the approach to this D.A. job.

"First of all I must learn the facts. Then I must proceed. Perhaps I can offer you an analogy. When I went into the Gross-police corruption matter, I had not the slightest knowledge of bookmaking or even the slightest inkling of the ramifications involved. But once I learned what I had to learn, we made our moves and made our arrests." . . .

He grinned a trifle sheepishly. "Would you believe it? . . . The last champion fight I saw was Billy Conn and Joe Louis. And the last one before that was Barney Rees and Jimmy McLarnin. I've gone to the Garden occasionally, and I have watched some TV fights. But I'm primarily a baseball fan, a Dodger fan at that.

"All I know about boxing is what I've read in the papers and the magazines. So I have no right to say as yet whether any of the things charged against it are true or false. But that's something I intend to find out.

"I had no idea that I'd ever be given this assignment. I saw Governor Harriman last Thursday and he offered me the post, much to my surprise. He told me in effect that he'd selected me because he felt there was a job to be done in enhancing boxing's prestige and in cleaning it up, if necessary. What tickled me most was that the appointment was unsolicited."

There's a job to be done, all right. Helfand will discover that soon enough for himself. . . . But here is one man who may be able to do it. More power to him!

# HOW THE IBC RUNS BOXING

by ROBERT COUGHLAN

The biographer of Jack Dempsey (SI, Jan. 10) has made a careful examination of the fight game and its current custodians. Now he reports his findings in an article that makes clear what the shouting on the preceding pages is all about

HARRY MARKSON, genial managing-director of the International Boxing Club, was telling a friend a few weeks ago about the big change in boxing due to TV. "We can see it by the mail," he said. "In the old days if somebody thought there was something funny with one of our fights, he'd write in and start off, 'You lousy cheating so-and-so crooks.' Nowadays the letters are more likely to start off, 'You reprehensible prevaricators.'"

Perhaps Markson was stretching it a bit, but no doubt there has been a change. Five years ago the audience for the average card at Madison Square Garden was eight or nine thousand boxing buffs, and correspondingly less at smaller arenas in smaller cities. Nor were these people, on the whole, our more substantial citizens. But through TV boxing has become a national spectator sport with an audience of mil-

lions, many of whom may not know a right cross from a left jab but take an interest—an instinct common to men of all degree—in watching two good men fight it out to see who is better.

Boxing's new friends—and many of its old ones, for that matter—are disturbed these days, however, and with good reason. Again and again during the past few years, increasingly even during the past few months, the press has carried stories of "fixed" fights, of gangster influence, and of a supposed "combine" that makes it next to impossible for a young fighter to work his way to a title chance on his own merits. These reports of corruption lay behind the recent appointment by Governor Harriman of Julius Helfand, Brooklyn's racket-busting assistant district attorney, as the new chairman of New York's Athletic Commission. And they have interested the

U.S. Senate, where Senator Warren Magnuson last week indicated that he would urge an investigation of boxing by the Senate Commerce Committee.

For several months, SI's reporters and correspondents have been gathering material for this series of articles. They have assembled information which should be of interest to Chairman Helfand, to Senator Magnuson, and to anyone who feels that boxing is a great sport which deserves to keep its popularity.

## "A CERTAIN ELEMENT"

On the evidence, as we shall see, it can be said at once that the alleged corruption really exists—even more widely and deeply than has been supposed. Can it be cleaned up?

As Harry Markson said not long ago, boxing "attracts a certain element. It doesn't attract the Phi Beta Kappa type, say." That much one can readily grant; and grant also that there have been crooks and gamblers and "angle-guys" on the edge of the sport since the days of John L. Sullivan. As is well remembered, owning a boxer was as *de rigueur* for a gang-boss in the 1920s as owning a diamond, a mistress, and a bullet-proof vest. Mike Jacobs, whose 20th Century Sporting Club ran most of the major fights of the 1940s, certainly was one of the most versatile scoundrels of his time. If racing, which has the participation and active support of some of the "better elements," still produces its periodic scandals, then how—boxing's apologists ask—can one expect the perfect conduct of boxing?

But that is to beg the question. Without demanding perfection of what may always be a rough, tough sport, one can demand that it be kept as clean as possible. And the overriding scandal about boxing is that, while its popular appeal has been rising, its private morals have been falling. One of New York's own commissioners told SI last week: "Crime and corruption in boxing *never* have been as bad as they are today."

*continued on next page*



THE IBC TRIUMPHATE which controls boxing in the U.S., is headed by James D. Norris Jr. (left), president, and his

more-or-less silent partner, Arthur Wirtz (right). Truman Gibson Jr. is secretary and spokesman for the club in Chicago.

In looking for the cause of this decay, one is led by every route to elements operating with and within the International Boxing Club. What is this organization? Who runs it? How does it operate? These are basic questions in explaining the sorry condition of U.S. boxing.

The IBC was conceived six years ago this month, and its father, incongruously, was a squat, friendly, inoffensive publicity man named Harry Mendel, an old-time boxing writer and promotion artist who happened to be working for Joe Louis. By 1949 Louis was long past his peak as a fighter, and had the sense to know it. So did Harry Mendel, who had a suggestion for peace with honor and profit.

He took this suggestion to Arthur Wirtz and James D. Norris. Wirtz was a Chicago real-estate man, sportsman, and impresario best known for his promotions of the Senja Henie ice shows. Norris was an extremely rich man whose family holdings included the Chicago Stadium, the Detroit Olympia, and the St. Louis Arena as well as a sizable interest in Madison Square Garden. The two were close friends and sometime partners, and were in a position to supply the money, the promotional experience and the physical facilities to make Mendel's idea a reality.

#### THE TAKE-OVER

After some discussion between Mendel, Louis, Norris and Wirtz, it was agreed that Louis should retire as champion and promote an elimination contest among the four leading heavyweights to find his successor; to this end, the heavyweights should assign to Louis the exclusive rights to their services. Louis carried out his part of the bargain, and when the smoke cleared, Wirtz and Norris had formed the IBC and taken over the elimination contest, in return for which Louis received a cash payment of \$150,000 and a share of the IBC's stock.

For men with the talent and resources of Wirtz and Norris, the rest was not difficult. The exclusive contracts with the four contenders—among whom Ezzard Charles emerged as champion—gave them effective control of the heavyweight division, the most valuable by far in both money and prestige. With the last illness of Mike Jacobs and the disintegration of the 20th Century Sporting Club, there was no real competition in other weights except that of the Tournament of Champions, Inc.



**JACOBS AND MORRIS** were photographed together at the Randy Turpin-Sugar Ray Robinson fight at the Polo Grounds in September 1951. By then Jacobs, a sick man, was in retirement and the fight was promoted by Morris' International Boxing Club.

That May, IBC bought out this organization and thereby acquired exclusive rights to promote boxing at the Polo Grounds in New York, as well as contracts between Marcel Cerdan and Tony Zale for a middleweight championship fight and between Ray Robinson and Kid Gavilan for the welterweight championship. In July, IBC added the Yankee Stadium to its network, meantime extending its control over Madison Square Garden and St. Nicholas Arena.

With all the nation's principal boxing arenas in hand, IBC was in a position to demand exclusive contracts with nearly all the leading fighters in all weights. In order to be given a title fight, a boxer had to agree that if he

won the title he could defend it only under IBC auspices for three (sometimes five) years; that he would defend in a return bout, if IBC wanted him to, within 90 days; and that if he lost the title before the three years were up, he would have to fight at least twice more for IBC "or its designee."

If it occurs to the reader that this sounds like monopoly, he will be in good company. In 1952 "The United States of America, plaintiff, by its attorneys acting under the direction of the Attorney General of the United States," brought action under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act to force the IBC to loosen its clinch on the boxing business. The suit was dismissed, however, on the grounds that boxing, like baseball, is not in "interstate commerce" within the meaning of the law, and that whether it is or is not a monopoly is consequently no affair of the U.S. Government. The Attorney General has appealed this opinion to the Supreme Court, where a decision was due as this article went to press.

Whether the IBC turns out to be a monopoly in the legal sense, it has long since proved itself to be one in a practical sense. Of the 51 championship fights in the U.S. since June 1949, 47 have been promoted by the IBC.

Of course, semimonopolies and attempts at monopoly are an old story in boxing, and apologists for the IBC can maintain with justice that Wirtz and Norris only succeeded in doing what "Uncle Mike" Jacobs could never quite accomplish with his more limited means. One can argue, too, that a monopoly such as IBC's is not per se bad; that it could work out for the benefit of boxers, managers, and the public, as



**MANAGING DIRECTOR** of IBC, scholarly-looking Harry Markson, former New York newspaperman and press agent, got his start with Promoter Mike Jacobs.

the baseball monopoly (more or less) does. The answer is that it has not worked out that way. And the reason perhaps lies in the nature of the human beings who control it.

Arthur Wirtz is a man of substance in the Chicago business world and in the pleasant North Shore suburb where he lives. He is a knowledgeable man whose potential authority in the affairs of the IBC certainly equals, if it does not exceed, that of James D. Norris. He seems content to let Norris conduct its affairs publicly. Perhaps, with all his other interests, he does not know of the corrupting influences that surround the IBC; but that is unlikely.

Joe Louis long ago ceased to have any voice in the IBC, although he continues as honorary "director of boxing" at \$15,000 a year. His 20% stock interest is held in trusteeship by his lawyer, Truman Gibson Jr., and accountant Theodore Jones. Gibson is the secretary of the IBC, carries on much business on its behalf, especially in the Chicago area, and is most often its public spokesman there, Wirtz preferring a more modest posture. Gibson's credentials are excellent. Son of a prominent Negro insurance man, he made a brilliant record in college and law school, went on to become a leading young lawyer with interests in politics and community affairs, and during the war served as a special assistant to the Secretary of War. He became Joe Louis' attorney in 1948, and since then has spent most of his time on Louis' affairs and in boxing generally.

#### THE LEADING SPIRIT

Yet Gibson, on close examination, is less a paragon than he appears. In 1949, for instance, the same year that he represented Louis in the formation of the IBC, Gibson was a leading spirit in the creation of an enterprise called Worlds Champions Inc., of which Louis was made president, Sugar Ray Robinson chairman of the board, Arthur S. Freeman vice president, Gibson himself secretary, and Allen H. Schultz director. Worlds Champions Inc. evidently was formed with the single purpose of getting a franchise from the New York Liquor Authority to sell Canadian Ace beer in New York City, particularly in Harlem, where the prestige of Louis' and Robinson's endorsements might be very valuable. But Canadian Ace is owned by one Alex Greenberg and his family, who took it over from members of the old Al Capone gang. Greenberg was known as one of the financial advisors to Capone. Director Allen H. Schultz is Greenberg's son-in-law. In

rejecting Worlds Champions' bid for a New York franchise, the liquor authority said, "It is the authority's belief that, like many other prominent and creditable persons, Joe Louis and Ray Robinson have unwittingly allowed their names to be used by persons of evil designs."

The third and leading member of the IBC triumvirate, its president and chief spokesman, is James D. Norris. In Norris' temperament there is an incongruity that is striking and, in the largest sense of the word, tragic. TV viewers know his handsome, rugged face and pleasant voice. He is even more impressive in person: a charming man, physically and socially graceful, big and well made, with the unassuming but powerful manner of a natural leader. One can imagine him against a fumed oak background in Wall Street or Detroit, or at ease in the setting of an ambassadorship. Instead he seems to prefer the rancid milieu of Eighth Avenue and the company of hoodlums.

Norris was born in Chicago in 1906, the oldest son and namesake of a rough and ready Canadian emigrant who made a fortune in wheat speculations and later acquired great holdings in oil and railroads and real estate. At his death in 1952, the elder Norris was worth perhaps \$200,000,000. An amateur hockey player (with the Montreal Victorias) in his youth, he kept a fervid interest in hockey and in sports generally and raised his husky son to share his enthusiasm. The ambition of his life was to own a National Hockey League team. This he finally achieved by buying the Detroit Red Wings' franchise. In 1929 he helped build the Chicago Stadium, which he bought outright in 1935.

Thus young James (whose mother died when he was five) was brought up in an atmosphere of speculation and sports, a combination which not unnaturally gave him an early interest in racing. His education, which had briefly involved numerous prep schools, continued informally at Colgate, where, not having the proper entrance requirements, he spent several months with private tutors and then drifted away. His mind was not on the books, but with the bookies. This already had led him to the first of his more conspicuous criminal associations.

As Norris told the story recently, he was about 18 or 19 when, on his way home from the race track one day, a pair of stick-up men waylaid him and relieved him of \$1,100. A few days later he ran into a man named Sam Hunt. Hunt was a "trigger man" for

the Capone gang and head of that organization's "complaint department"; he was known as "Golfbag" because of his dissembling way of carrying a golfbag with a submachine gun nestled inside it. Norris mentioned the robbery to Hunt and, he says, "in three or four days I had my money back. Well! Hell, I said to myself, this is all right!"

#### A FAR PIECE

Both Norris and Golfbag have traveled a far piece since then. For some years Golfbag has headed gambling operations on Chicago's South Side, and police believe that nowadays he is the gambling czar of the whole Chicago area. He also is "interested" in horses. In 1942-43 he was twice tried for the murder of a Negro houseboy named Michael Wade, but was let off by hung juries. (Incidentally, his chauffeur bodyguard, who was present at the killing, is often loaned to Truman Gibson Jr.) Throughout he has remained a close personal friend of Norris. They have shared holidays, and Hunt several times has been Norris' house guest. Norris said recently, "Hunt is not an associate of mine in any business way. I know what people say, and it hurts me. But Hunt has always been 100% with me." To another questioner, he said, "Sure I know Sam Hunt. I know nothing about his alleged activities in

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LOUIS AND GIBSON held press conference in New York when former champion became talent scout for newly formed IBC.

## THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

This is a tableau of U.S. sportsmen attentively following the finals of a national championship last week. Included in the scene are bankers, lawyers, stockbrokers, publishers, a shipping official, a brain surgeon—and many envious professionals. They numbered only 250—but it was a standing-room-only gallery. To see what they were watching, turn page.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK







## MATEER WINS AT SQUASH

**BY SPECIAL INVITATION** only, 16 of the world's top squash racquets players descended on Manhattan's University Club last week. They hailed from seven countries. Nine were professionals, the others true amateurs. The purpose of their visit: to win the United States Open, which, since its successful debut only a year ago, has become one of the most coveted prizes in the large and happy kingdom of men who play squash round the world.


England, the birthplace of squash (a game first played at Harrow about 1850 and derived from racquets), was represented by Derek R. Bocquet, who won only one match. The U.S. sent out her two leading amateurs, defending Open Champion Henri Salaun of Boston and G. Diehl Mateer Jr., a 26-year-old Philadelphia machinery company engineer and executive who holds both the national amateur singles and doubles titles.

But the favorite's role went, as usual, to an agile 40-year-old pro from Pakistan by the name of Hashim Khan. On his first trip to America a year ago Hashim met defeat (to Salaun in the finals) for the first and only time in his life. This time he brought with him his brother Azam, 28, and cousin Roshan, 26, both of whom were getting their first crack at the U.S. game, which is played on a smaller court than in England (and with a livelier ball and heavier racquet).

### A MASTER USES HIS HEAD

Azam reached the finals by shading Salaun and cousin Roshan. Hashim, who had injured his leg in practice, was forced to default to Mateer in the semis. In the finals, with a full house looking on, Mateer was the master all the way. He kept Azam continually on the defensive, never let him get set as he whipped off one polished shot after another. Just 38 minutes after the first shot Mateer was the new champion. The score: 15-9, 15-5, 15-10.

As the crowd spilled down into the locker room for a drink with the new champ, Referee John Weeks gave his analysis: "All the Pakistanians are superb retrievers. To beat them you've got to use your head. That's exactly what Mateer did today."



**AZAM KHAN**, a 5 ft. 4 in. speed demon, was the more able ground gainer in the finals, but despite such gets as this one—deep in the corner—he lacked Mateer's skill.



**DIEHL MATEER**, the new U.S. Open Champion, has been playing squash for 10 of his 26 years. He's improving all the time.



**LOSER AZAM** (left), receives condolences from his brother Hashm and cousin Roshan. They'll all be back for next Open.



**TAKING CONTROL** of the match from the start, Mateer, 6 ft. 1 1/2 in., kept his opponent running—and guessing—with a brilliant

array of change-of-pace shots, thrilled the gallery (right) with tactics which mark him as one of the best U.S. players in history.



SWIRLING FLOURISH BY BRADLEY CHEERLEADER LOIS MCGAUVRAN ENDS A RALLYING CRY AIMED AT LIGHT-UNIFORMED BRADLEY

## "GIVE ME A B FOR BRADLEY"

Intercollegiate sports generally must concede technical superiority to the professionals. But the college contests do boast one element which the pros cannot improve on: comely coeds eager to buoy up the team spirit with a cheer and a well-turned limb.

When the Bradley University bas-

kettball squad traveled 875 miles from its Peoria, Ill. home base to play in a tournament at New Orleans recently, the cheerleading coeds went along with 200 other supporters. At appropriate moments when the Bradley team's drive flagged, the pert evangelists from Bradley were on their feet calling,

CHEERLEADER SUE IHMIG (LEFT) WATCHES GAME WHILE COLLEAGUE MCGAUVRAN TENDS TO BUSINESS, BEGINS HAND-CLAPPING





BRAVES DURING GAME WITH HOLY CROS

"Give me a B! Give me a B!" And the girls hurled themselves into cheerleading's classic postures. They got their "B" plus the rest of B-R-A-D-L-E-Y with gusto. Despite such fierce exhortations, the Bradley Braves were eliminated in the first round of the tournament by Holy Cross, 89-81.

ROUTINE CLIMAXED BY TWIRL (ABOVE)



WORRIED BOOSTER MCGAUVRAN DOES A LITTLE COACHING FROM THE SIDELINES

## SOUNDTRACK

THE EDITORS CONSIDER THE LATEST TRIUMPH OF MAN (BASKETBALL DIVISION), THE WIRING OF FOOTBALL OFFICIALS FOR SOUND, AND THE RETURN OF BOXING'S SELF-EXPRESSIVE SUGAR RAY ROBINSON

## All's well that's postponed

RANCOR in the ranks of the colleges' football coaches and athletic directors, centering chiefly around the question of who gets the most out of television, soured last week's convention of the National Collegiate Athletic Association in New York and for a time seemed almost to threaten its existence.

There was talk that the Big Ten, which favors a "regional" system of televising football games as against the "Game of the Week" system (SI, Jan. 10), might pull out of the association and take the similarly minded Pacific Coast Conference and Notre Dame with it. The Big Ten didn't get its way and didn't pull out. No one did—just yet.

In a statesmanlike compromise worthy of U.N., the delegates agreed to refer the whole problem to a 12-man committee which has until spring to produce a plan for submission to the NCAA's members. Translation: college football's dead-serious struggle for the big slices of the television pie was not ended, just postponed.

## Whoosh

GEORGE LINN is a tall (6 ft. 4 in.), hefty (185 lbs.), good-looking fellow who plays varsity basketball for the University of Alabama. He's a junior, is engaged in studying commercial subjects, and is known on the campus as a quiet and undemonstrative fellow. He comes from Columbus, O. and this fact has afforded him a modicum of reflected glory—for he lives next door to Notre Dame Quarterback Ralph Guglielmi and across the street from Ohio State's Halfback Hopalong Cassidy. These few facts would have just about summed him up if they had been recited up until one second before half time in last week's Alabama-North Carolina basketball game. By half time, however, George Linn was a famous man.

George still does not know just why he did what he did. He went into the air under his own basket as a North Carolina player missed a last-minute shot, got the ball off the backboard and

twisted as he came down. Out of the tail of his eye he saw a red light glare on the scoreboard as a signal that the half was ending. Simultaneously, someone in the big crowd watching the game bawled, "Shoot!" This was completely implausible advice, for George was standing exactly 84 ft. 11 in. from the North Carolina basket—almost the entire length of the court—but George did not reason. He just hauled off and threw as hard as he could and then stood wearing an expression which seemed to begin with startled embarrassment, to shade into genuine disbelief as the ball zoomed through the air in perfect trajectory, hit the distant backboard and whooshed cleanly through the distant net.

The crowd in the Alabama gym rose to its feet with an unholy yell. George's teammates leaped upon him as though intent on beating him to death. North Carolina's Coach Frank McGuire labored to his feet, walked dazedly to the spot George had just vacated, and stood staring down the court and shaking his head. He had reason; George had not only made the longest shot in Southeastern Conference history (old record: 64 ft. 7½ in.) but the longest recorded shot in the entire history of the game.

The rest of the contest (won by Alabama 77-55) was an anticlimax; it seemed like a good bet that the rest of George's basketball career would be too. Alabama immediately set out to sink a brass plaque into the floor at the spot from which the astounding throw was launched, and the ball was carefully bundled up for shipment to

basketball's Hall of Fame at Springfield, Mass. George was besieged by people who asked, "How did you feel when you did it?" George had to admit that he didn't feel anything at all. That was probably as good an answer as any, for it was short and George will probably have to go on repeating it to the end of his days.

## Quiet, please!

THE television viewer may grumble at the inanities with which he is all too frequently assaulted, and in rare instances when he is alone he may even clap his hands over his eyes, put his fingers in his ears or talk back. But generally he just sits and takes it, for he is getting it free and something in his soul tells him that anything free is a bargain. For years he has listened to fight referees giving boxers their doleful "instructions." If the fighters listen they give no sign; they are hearing nothing they have not heard a hundred times before (and the televiewers a thousand), but the referee, aware perhaps of the TV camera and the microphone hanging from the boom, feels called upon to prove himself a public speaker.

Would fight referees all quit if they were suddenly forced to keep their mouths shut and simply referee? Perhaps so—the need for self-expression runs deep in the human soul. But the question is now academic. It is too late. Science has gone too far. On New Year's Day it began wiring football officials for sound.

When Rose Bowl Referee Edward

## ON ICE

*There's this about a wintry clime,*

*Yes, this is Nature's law:*

*When one has ice skates, urge and time,*

*One also has a thaw.*

—RICHARD ARMOUR



Wagner called the captains of Ohio State and Southern California to the center of the field for pregame instructions, he was (at the instigation of an alert NBC technician) wearing a lavaliere microphone around his neck. A small wire, about the diameter of that used in a hearing aid, ran some 20 feet from the mike to an NBC man who carried a pack transmitter on his back. This, in turn, picked up the radio signal and beamed it out over the air waves. As a result, millions of televisioners were listening as Referee Wagner spoke. Referee Wagner did not ignore the opportunity. He made a speech. It was vigorous. It was well enunciated. Also it was familiar: it was the fight referee's speech to the gladiators adapted to football and lengthened by the addition of the business of flipping a coin and choosing goals and all. It was longer too, to be blunt about it, because Referee Wagner seemed determined to prove that football referees could make better speeches than boxing referees. Can any fight referee stand silent in the face of such a challenge?

Yank the wires and microphones out from under those striped blazers, oh, chieftains of the network. Though, to be candid, the televisioner will not protest aloud if you do not. He will listen, numb with boredom, to football referees just as he has listened to boxing referees for years and years and years. But it will do something to him, it can't be avoided, and even a televisioner can be pushed too far. A day will come—perhaps even a New Year's Day when sales of popcorn, razor blades and canned chicken hang in the balance—when he will leap from his couch and charge across the room, his jaws flanked lightly with foam, and kick his television set into splintered lengths of wood and tinkling shards of glass, and then wait, crouched like a gibbon, for the man coming for the next monthly payment.

## The prince

IT would be hard to say, on the basis of his sixth-round knockout of bald and battered Joe Rindone last week, whether Sugar Ray Robinson can come back as a middleweight fighter, or for that matter, since he is a man of moods, whether he really intends to try. But Sugar Ray did make it plain that he is still equipped with one of the most flamboyant personalities since the heyday of Diamond Jim Brady, and that nobody is likely to rent the use of it for a dollar less than Sugar Ray thinks the market will bear. *L'affaire Rindone* (which drew 11,973 spectators to the Detroit Olympia) was most notable, in fact, as proof that Sugar has lost not one whit of his unabashed genius for self-expression.

This seems just enough, for though Sugar at his peak was one of the dead-

dest gladiators of his time, he will be better remembered by the businessman of boxing for his unforgivably princely airs—and the fact that he has made the businessmen swallow them. Sugar Ray's orchid-pink Cadillac, Sugar Ray's European tours, Sugar Ray's revels in Paris are only lesser manifestations of Sugar Ray's sublimely arrogant concept of the world, i.e., that it is Sugar Ray's oyster or ought to be. To the consternation of promoters and managers he includes the world of boxing, too, and though boxers are expected to be serfs he has rebelliously matched trick for trick in extracting the utmost in purses and has been repeatedly charged with running out on fights when the arrangements displeased him.



Hardly had his comeback fight with Rindone been announced when it became evident that Sugar Ray and Promoter Nick London were swirling around below the surface in truly sharklike combat. London bobbed up first, crying that Robinson had given him a verbal agreement but was trying to jack up the price. The Michigan Board of Athletic Control quickly suspended Robinson "indefinitely." Robinson's manager protested that London was trying to do him out of a guarantee. In the end, however, London "just happened" to go to New York and settle things to Robinson's satisfaction (40% of the gate or a minimum of \$6,000), after which the board rapidly reinstated him.

Sugar Ray entered Detroit grandly, with his manager, two tablemates, a valet, a personal barber, two trainers and his wife and son, and proved his drawing power by jamming the Motor City Gym with scrambling crowds when he trained and, of course, by fetching almost 12,000 people to the box office for the fight itself. Even Sugar Ray was less than expansive about the fight. "Takes two to make a fight," he said of his reluctant foe. "I tried everything to make him open up but he just stood there with his hands up around his head."

After five lackluster rounds, however, Robinson did manage the grand gesture; he attacked like a cobra in the sixth and floored his man in less than two minutes. Grand gesture No. 2 followed as soon as he had retired to his hotel room—conscious that his hair had become somewhat tousled, he sent for Barber Roger Simon who quickly gave him a comb job, fingered his waves into place, flipped a hair net over the Robinson scalp to hold them in place, and gently adjusted the Robinson head under a silver hair dryer.

## Phil Rizzuto up

PHIL RIZZUTO of the Yankees is performing as a television panelist these Friday evenings (DuMont network, 10:30 p.m. EST) on a program called *Down You Go*, one of the more pleasant and literate half hours around. And if you think Phil has been signed on (as some athletes have been by other show business enterprises) as a sort of staff boob, be advised that Phil is sharp as a tack, looking likewise and talking as though he had been hanging around Clifton Fadiman instead of Casey Stengel.

As caught last Friday evening, the *Down You Go* panel included Boris Karloff, the professional monster, and a couple of cuties named Signe Hasso and Patricia Cutts. None of them—not even Karloff—scared Phil. He went after the answers with as much style as he gives to the fielding of a ground ball.

Phil was first to guess that the phrase indicated by the clue, "very likely to happen to one who hasn't all his buttons," was "he lost his shirt." When the hint, "a Grimm character," was tossed out, Phil guessed, with logic if not accuracy, that the answer was "an umpire."

Although Phil didn't get "the U.S.S. *Forrestal*" as the answer to the phrase, "a great hardship," he was there in the clutch when Moderator Bergen Evans asked, "Can anyone tell us something about the *Forrestal*?"

"Biggest currier in the world," said Phil promptly. "Too big to get through the Panama Canal. Displaces as much water as the city of Milwaukee drinks in a week."

Dr. Evans, a college professor, was plainly taken aback. "I didn't know that, Mr. Rizzuto," he said.

"It was in all the papers," said Phil Rizzuto kindly, in the gentle, tolerant manner of the well-informed man.

## The student takes over

FROM 20 years before his death last summer John Blanks Campbell earned the respect of sports' most critical audience; the American racing fan and the thousands of men and women who help to make thoroughbred racing a billion-dollar business. In his capacity as racing secretary and handicapper of the Jockey Club, John Campbell became most renowned for his uncanny ability to forecast what one season's two-year-olds would do during their three-year-old years. His long-time friend, the late Joe H. Palmer, once said of him, "He knows more in January what a horse will do in April than the average handicapper knows five minutes before post time."

It was true, too, Campbell brought out each January a handicap rating of some hundred or more three-year-olds.

*continued on next page*

It was known as the Experimental Free Handicap—at first just a roster, but since 1940 a true handicap event run at Jamaica during April. In it the horses carried the weights assigned to them by Campbell, and more often than not the Campbell favorites finished where they were supposed to. His was an exhausting job of research and study. His fine sense of judgment never left him. Some of his judgment and experience Campbell passed down during the years to his assistant, studious-looking Frank E. (Jimmy) Kilroe, a 42-year-old New Yorker and graduate of Columbia who did all right on his own as handicapper at the Chicago tracks and at Santa Anita.

Last week Jimmy Kilroe, named Campbell's successor in July, brought out his own first Experimental Free Handicap ratings. Showing that he was a true student of his master, Kilroe drove home the point that he wouldn't be swayed by popularity polls, which, last fall, had almost unanimously selected Nashua as the leading two-year-old of 1954. In the 1955 Free Handicap Nashua gets second billing at 127 pounds to his arch rival Summer Tan, in at 128 pounds. Third—just where he finished in the Belmont Futurity—is Royal Coinage, with 124 pounds. Kilroe saw fit to assign weights to 114 thoroughbreds in

all, including 34 fillies and 10 geldings.

Like his master, he can't be expected to bét it right every time. But his public who take exception to Nashua's runner-up position will do well to remember Campbell's 1950 rankings. Almost all right-thinking people said Hill Prince deserved the top spot. Campbell put Middleground there. Middleground then went out and beat Hill Prince in the Kentucky Derby and the Belmont Stakes.

### Johnny Lattner, pro

**P**ERMIT ME," the toastmaster said, "to quote his famous coach, Frank Leahy, who has said, 'You may find a boy who is a better runner than Johnny, another boy who is a better blocker, another boy who is a better tackler, and perhaps still another boy who is a better passer, but you will find no boy who has the ability to do all these things as well as Johnny.' And so it is with great pride that I now present to you, John J. Lattner, the Heisman Memorial Trophy Award as this year's outstanding college football player."

These remarks were delivered about a year ago at the Downtown Athletic Club in New York City. Similar sentiments were directed at Alan Ameche of Wisconsin this year. But this is a report on John J. Lattner and what has happened to the big, rawboned Notre

Dame star since he accepted the Heisman Trophy and then went on to hear other toastmasters in variations on the theme all around the banquet circuit. By the time he had reached Pittsburgh last winter, there had been two developments affecting his status as the nation's No. 1 college hero. For one thing, he had been drafted to play professionally for the Pittsburgh Steelers. For the other thing, many a battle-scarred football pro was fed to the ears with hearing about Johnny Lattner.



At the Dapper Dan banquet in Pittsburgh, one of these pros could stand it no longer. Called upon for a few remarks, Fran (Punchy) Rogel, the Steelers' fullback, blurted: "If Lattner thinks he's coming to the Steelers just to pick up a big pay check, he'd better just pack up his bag and go home!"

Rogel, of course, didn't have anything against Johnny Lattner personally, and every Dapper Dan at the banquet knew it. Rogel was merely voicing a professional warning that any football hero would have to prove himself before being accepted in a league where they eat All-Americans for breakfast.

Last week Johnny Lattner was back at home in Chicago following his first professional season and it was clear that nobody had had him for breakfast. On the contrary, the Steelers had hastened to sign him again for next season at a salary of approximately \$11,000—an investment strongly indicated by his selection as a member of the All-Star squad scheduled to play in Los Angeles on Jan. 16 and by the following figures on Johnny's record for the season: 1) He led the team in punt returns with 17 for a total of 73 yards. 2) He was first in kickoff returns with 16 for a total of 413 yards. 3) He was second in scoring with 42 points, fourth in rushing with 3.6 yards per try and fourth in pass receiving with 25 catches for a total gain of 395 yards.

But more eloquent than the statistics were the comments of Johnny's teammates. Said Bill McPeak, a defensive end, "You get skeptical of big-name players coming into the league. So many of them are duds. But Lattner is a great football player and a great guy, too."

"One of the best rookie halfbacks we ever had," said Elbie Nickel, veteran end. "He puts out all the time."

As for Punchy Rogel, the plain-talking speaker at the Dapper Dan banquet last winter, well, he's still laying it on the line where Lattner is concerned.

He says the kid's a pro.





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# '55 FORDS



# 100 MILES OF FISHING

The causeway linking Florida with Key West offers the vacationing angler exceptional sport, for in effect this is the world's longest fishing pier

by GORDON LEWIS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARROLL SEIGHERS II

THE island-hopping road which is the Florida Overseas Highway traces a graceful scimitar along the outer rim of the Keys and unfolds a vast kaleidoscope of iridescent waters, palm-fringed coves, fishing camps and yacht basins. As a road to good fishing, which is why most people travel it this time of the year, it is unparalleled. The fishing begins at the inland waterway cut at Jewfish Creek and continues to Key West, 100 miles away. It goes on around the clock, the neon of bait shops winking gaudily through the tropic nights.

Anglers go after their fish with every sort of rig: a scramble of spin and fly rod, plug and bait, tarred rope and spear, cane pole and hand line—a tackle store spilled out along the Highway. Only the newcomer is surprised at the catches hauled in daily, creating the air of a huge lottery of angling, with a jackpot of the unexpected always just about to hit. Six hundred and twenty varieties of fish move in the vast wildernesses of the Keys' tropical waters, and more than 80 of these will take a hook in some form or other.

In January a steady procession of sailing yachts, flying-deck cruisers, charter boats and sloops pours down the inland waterway to berths at private anglers' clubs, town docks and bay anchorages at Key Largo, Tavernier, Islamorada, the Matecumbes, Marathon and Key West. These are the big-game fishermen, who for three or four months will fish the outer reefs and the broad indigo path of the Gulf Stream for streaking wahoo and sailfish, for the brilliant-banded dolphin lying underneath the weed drift, for giant barracuda and cobia, schools of water-chopping king mackerel and bonito, ponderous gape-jawed jewfish and groupers.

It's during these months too that the flats stretching out from the low island shorelines fill with skiffs, waders, fly- and spin-casters, and guides soundlessly poling their \$50-a-day charters across shimmering shallows for the silvery bonefish, rated by so many as the world's lightweight champion.

Residents and locals never stop talking fish, but only rarely do they wet a line during this annual invasion by seasonal visitors. Many are busy with some form of catering to tourists' needs and almost all of them will tell you, probably under their breath, that spring and

*continued on page 42*



HEADING SOUTH from Marathon, the Florida Overseas Highway snakes toward Key West, providing every conceivable type of water. All sorts of gear from fly rods to half-inch rope are used, and anyone who cares to tarry by the roadside can catch fish.

WIND-BLOWN, HAPPY GIRL CASTS FROM SEVEN MILE BRIDGE



COUNTRY'S BIGGEST SHOW AT NEW YORK'S KINGSBRIDGE ARMORY FEATURES POWER AND SAILBOATS AND VAST ARRAY OF GADGETS

# MOTORBOAT SUPERMARKET

by A. C. SPECTORSKY

Power boat fans will spend millions at this year's shows, where sails have slipped in, too. But most will attend for gear and catalogs

**I**N a sense the annual 1955 National Motor Boat Show, which will play to about 200,000 persons during its 10-day run beginning January 14 at Kingsbridge Armory in New York, is misnamed. A more appropriate title probably would be "The National Gadget Show." The big boats will be there, and the aluminum hulls and the kit boats. But for the dedicated boat show regular, the accessory display is the thing, a fact the New York show has demonstrated on a rising curve in recent years. Again in 1955, gadgets, gilliebies and fittings take up the major part of the space and, in the case of most visitors, will attract the largest share of attention.

The same will doubtless be true of the other boat shows across the country which will be opening for inspection

more or less regularly from now until early spring. Sponsored by the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers, the New York show as always is the first of the season and the biggest. The show itself is more Hollywood-colossal than ever. The Armory is huge and there is an enormous and sometimes bewildering profusion of products. At the Wilcox-Crittenden booth, for example, there is on display almost every conceivable item of ship's hardware, everything from hull fastenings to roller reefing gear, from sail slide magazines to capstans.

Aisle after aisle one sees pumps, swivel seats, folding boarding ladders, riding and running lights, depth sounders, chronometers, barometers, wind indicators, fire extinguisher systems, electrically powered megaphones, rigging

knives, marine spark plugs, alcohol stoves, electric winches, chart cases, turnbuckles, blocks, chocks and what have you, plus a thousand of etceteras. A would-be sailor can buy perfectly legitimate gear for any boat in the show and spend on the gear alone almost as much as the price of the boat.

## BIG BERTHER

The stars, of course, are still the big boats, the most newsworthy of which is a 40-foot over-all deep keel auxiliary cruising sloop built by Luders. She is not only the biggest sailboat ever displayed indoors, she also happens to comprise the biggest molded plywood hull ever made in the United States. With her 60-foot mast and wonderfully smooth hull, she is the show's stopper.

For the totally dedicated powerboat

fraternity, there is the massive yet sleek 51-foot Wheeler, and, only inches smaller, a Dutch-built Feudship. The Wheeler is the equal of any boat in the show in terms of luxurious equipment. She has flush teak decks and protecting mahogany rails on both sides, a galley which compares favorably with many apartment-house kitchens, hot and cold running water, electric refrigeration, two glass-doored showers, and on into the night. She will accommodate eight, plus two in the crew, and is powered by twin 200-hp GM diesels.

These vessels dominate the show and rightly so, but there are literally hundreds of other craft of all types to be seen, ranging in price from \$50 for a kit from which one can assemble a 7-foot pram up to close to \$100,000 for the biggest cabin cruisers. Expectably enough, the biggest representation in boats of cruising size is the single-engine cabin cruiser with accommodations for from two to four, ranging in size from 22 to 29 feet and in price from \$4,900 to \$8,000. These are the boats which are avidly vinted by the majority of spectator sailors who come to feed their dreams as well as to shop. It is actual on-the-floor purchases from this group of boats which will account for a large part of the more than 12 million dollars of sales which will be made before the show closes January 23.



YOUNG BOY CARRIES NEW, LIGHT MOTOR

But more people will buy the outboard cruisers. In the past few years these have become more luxurious and more seaworthy. With newer, quieter, more powerful and dependable outboard motors, they are appealing to an ever-larger group of boating enthusiasts whose motives in selecting them above inboards is not solely economic. The latest outboard cruisers offer an uncluttered hull, much more living space than on inboards of the same length, more opportunity to cruise shoal waters, and remarkable ease of overhaul.

#### WINNING COMBINATION

The improvements in outboard motors this year are minor. However, more motors than ever before have all or most of the virtues which used to be available only singly on one or another make: self starter, gear shift, separate cruising fuel tanks with automatic feed, comparatively quiet operation, adaptability to remote control, etc. Johnson and Evinrude still seem to be the overall favorites; the new Mercury in the same size is faster; and Scott-Atwater features a new 30-horsepower job equipped with an automatic baffling device which works.

Inboard power plants have not changed much either. One keeps hoping that the really small diesels built in England will inspire American manufacturers to turn out similar engines. Still, the regular gasoline plants are a pretty thrilling experience for those who respond to the functional beauty of well-designed and well-built machinery. For the most part they are more compact and pack more power per pound than ever before. And, happily, Chrysler has come along with a new power plant, the M448, an eight-cylinder, 150-horsepower engine which is light and small enough for use in almost any boat capable of carrying the older six-cylinder engines. A pair of these in a not-too-heavy 30- to 40-foot cabin cruiser (a man can dream, can't he?) would provide wonderful and comparatively economical cruising, good top speed, and the possibility of a neat and accessible installation.

One of the most striking things about this year's show is the number of sailboats on display—28 in all, not counting the dinghies. Most of the planing racing classes are shown in deluxe models, with molded hulls, gleaming plated hardware, stainless steel halyards with cotton or linen ends, and even a couple of the smaller classes with hiking boards. Thistle, Raven, Rebel and Highlander are major attractions, as

continued on next page



**RUNABOUT** requires 10-to-20-hp motor, can reach top speed of 28 mph



**UTILITY BOAT**, sturdier than row boat, can do 24 mph with 20-hp motor



**CABIN CRUISER** is aristocrat among power boats, requires 25-to-40-hp motor



**PRAM** gets along on 3-hp motor. Dinghy, dory, skiff are in the same class



**ROWBOAT** driven by 7.5-hp motor makes economical 14 miles to gallon



**CANOE** with 7.5-hp motor mounted on one side is no problem to balance



**HYDROPLANE**, best outboard racing boat, can do 55 mph with a 25-hp motor



**RECENT DEVELOPMENT** is "Wing" boat from Germany. At 25 mph bronze wings lift hull clear of water to boost speed by 50%. Model above is priced at \$6,370.

#### **BOAT SHOW** *continued from page 27*

In previous years. A. R. True is on hand again with his low-priced Rocket, a 23-foot auxiliary, which has accommodations for two, an astonishingly large cockpit, inboard power, head, galley—and sells complete for \$3,200. Luders, in addition to its 40-foot molded mahogany plywood auxiliary (which has the conventional cruising layout for this size, with galley aft and main cabin and stateroom divided from each other by enclosed head and hanging locker) is also showing its sleek and justly famous L-16. Hinckley has a booth with pictures and models of its popular Sea'wester and the Hinckley-Owens cutter and 40-foot yawl. Surprisingly and unhappily, I think—although there are many who don't agree

with me—there isn't a motorsailer to be seen. At the last show to be held in Grand Central Palace, two years ago, there was an elegant little Lymington motorsailer from England.

A wide assortment of powerboats is being exhibited this year—28 inboard runabouts, 36 inboard cruisers, and over 200 smaller inboard and outboard craft. Here is everything from the flashy, popular Chris-Crafts and Century to the rugged Jersey sea skiffs, from out-and-out sport fishermen with pulpits and built-in live bait tanks to family cruisers with the comfort and convenience of a ranch house. Dual controls and flying bridges, once a mark of the gold plater, are frequently standard equipment now. And the dinette which makes up into a double bed is available in most of the cruisers.

The really big news in materials is the increasing number of boats constructed of aluminum. More than 50 out of the record 380 boats being shown this year are made of the metal, as against one half that number last year. Molded and sheet plywood, however, still rank first in popularity. There is one husky, steel-hulled inboard cruiser, some of laminated glass plastic, and the rest of the fleet is of standard wood construction.

#### **CLEAN LIVING**

But it is aluminum that is capturing the imagination. Apparently, the new crop of small-boat yachtsmen would rather attack the bilge with a dustpan than a pump, and the bugs which afflicted earlier prototypes of aluminum boats are just about all gone. Lightness, strength, dryness and ease of upkeep are the major advantages of aluminum, and it's a fuddy-duddy conservative who will close his eyes to this trend which has become so noticeable.

For those who are thinking of building their own boats at home, there is a large number of kit boats available. They range from the smallest pram upward to the 21-foot outboard cruiser. They range wide, too, in another sense; there are those kits which a handy home craftsman can assemble from a few pre-fitted, pre-prepared parts in a few hours with only basic tools; and there are the more elaborate and bigger boats which it takes a well-equipped and pretty practiced home-workshop expert several months to put together and make seaworthy. The popularity of these pre-fab and kit boats is testimony to the democratization of boat-



**INBOARD CRUISER IS A SHOW MONEY MAKER**



**OUTBOARD RUNABOUT HAS MORE OWNERS**



**INBOARD RUNABOUT IS FINE SPORT BOAT**



**OUTBOARD CRUISER IS GOOD FAMILY BOAT**



**NEW FAVORITE** in family boating is outboard cruiser. Twin motors attain

higher speeds than inboard engine, are easier to maintain and don't clutter deck.

ing, for they put it within the reach of almost everyone. If the boat-show displays are any indication—and they usually are—this year should see the launching of an even larger fleet of home-assembled craft than last year, and last year, out of the 300,000-odd pleasure boats launched, one-third were amateur built.

Among new ideas for accessories, three seem worthy of special notice. There is the Sorrette outboard power pack, a combination battery charger and dockside power supply, from which one can power lights, and which (like converters for inboards) plugs into 100-volt A.C. sources and delivers the correct D.C. voltage for marine use. Second is the Sonafone ship-to-shore phone, the first available which can be licensed by the government in the name of an individual. Third is a new product from that merchant and seaman H. A. Calahan, inventor and evangelist of chilled varnish, purveyor of "Celastic" and accompanying dunk, and prosodist whose advertising copy is as individualistic, didactic and salty as his books on sailing and seamanship. His new product is 3-Ton, an adhesive which promises to

stick anything to anything—for good.

For the catalog collectors—that amazingly vital sect which loves to congregate at boat shows—the usual plethora of written matter is on hand again with a vengeance. Of the 232 exhibitors of boats and marine equipment, every one has at least one catalog for free, and of the tens of thousands who will visit the show, it's safe to say that each will average upward of a dozen catalogs, and that some will avail themselves of the free shopping bags which one marine hardware company makes available for the sole purpose of catalog carrying.

Small-boat day-sailors and blue-water cruising yachtsmen, catalog collectors and small fry, the folks bent on buying and those who are just looking, will be filling the Armory every day. What they'll see, though they may not realize it, is evidence of the astonishing growth of boating: over 5½ million pleasure craft in the United States, one for every 30 persons. The latest developments in just about every type of craft that goes to make up this statistic can be seen at the Armory, and they make quite a sight for the boat-happy crowds that come to see them. **END**



**LARGEST IN SHOW IS MASSIVE YET SLEEK 51-FOOT WHEELER CRUISER**

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Bullfighting is a spectacle of violence. Some who watch it are revolted; others are enthralled. Here, in words and eight pages of superb color pictures, *SI* shows what a bullfight is: blood and fury against grace and courage, a supreme test for animal and man, a moment of truth known to

# ONLY THE BRAVE

by JOHN STANTON

Photographs by MARK KAUFFMAN

**H**is is the enemy. He is a bull—big, perhaps 1,000 pounds of lightning speed and smashing power. The whole top of his neck is a tossing muscle capable of flinging a horse into the air. The muscle flexes and humps tight when he is angry. He comes trotting out of his dark box into the bright sunlight of the ring, head up, looking nervously about. He charges and the sand sings under his feet.

In Mexico City now the high season for killing this bull is at hand. All the campaigning in the country's 200 provincial bull rings—in one of which, Tijuana, Photographer Mark Kauffman took the brilliant series of bullfight pictures shown on the following pages—comes to a grand climax in the big, 50,000-seat Plaza Mexico, the largest bull ring in the world. The young bulls, fought here from spring until December, have been swept away. The plaza has been spruced up; the statues of the famous bullfighters of the past have been properly burnished; the band has been practicing new trumpet trills to go with the traditional Spanish two-steps. And for the season the impresario, Dr. Alfonso Gaxiola, a good optometrist turned much better bullfight promoter, has assembled some of the best of the world's current crop of officially invested Killers of Bulls:

César Girón, the cheerful, touse-headed Venezuelan, will be there. He failed to impress Mexico last year but since then he has cut 109 ears, 39 tails and 10 hoofs from 108 bulls in Spanish plazas, collected a whopping \$60,000

for just three afternoons' work in oil-rich Caracas, and become about the hottest thing in the bull ring.

Present also will be Rafael Rodríguez, the young Mexican. He is shown on the cover taking a bull past his exposed body in a right-hand muleta pass, and on pages 36 and 37, killing *rolopió* (in running flight). He is very knowledgeable, very cool, very brave, a student of Fermín Espinosa (Armilita Chico), who once fought bulls with a cold, almost mathematical precision. In his great days Armilita could mark a small cross in the sand far from the bull, hold up three fingers in a signal to the crowd, and then in three passes bring the bull swirling and anorting to a stop with his front foot planted firmly on the little cross.

Another to appear will be Amado Ramírez, the phenomenon of Mexico's recent novice season. He makes his passes with a stylized, classical grace that catches crowds by the throat, and if he proves, now that he has become a full-fledged bullfighter, that he can manage the bigger bulls he may, everything in this world being possible, turn out to be great.

Don Alfonso will pay these young men, and the other stars now gathered in Mexico, from \$4,000 to \$6,000 per appearance, and since theirs is a year-round business, carried on in countries

in which income taxes are matters for gentle laughter, they take home very large sums indeed—Manolete netted \$250,000 yearly for his Mexico City appearances alone—larger than those of any other professional athlete in the world. The bullfighter who survives at or near the top for eight or 10 years can expect to buy his own castle in Spain or Mexico's elegant Jalisco and settle in very comfortably.

Don Alfonso has also searched the breeding farms for brave bulls, offering prices of from \$500 to \$1,000 per animal. He takes the biggest and hottest-tempered beasts he can find, buying them up in braces of eight—six for fighting and two for spares. Don Alfonso and his customers are finicky; they are never completely satisfied by his bull-shopping tours. Sometimes Don Alfonso has even been known to fight small animals himself in privacy just to see what it feels like when horns come close. He once was gored while engaging in this pastime, and since few promoters are ever gored, morale among the bullfighters rose hilariously.

For the past three years Don Alfonso has received no bulls from La Pueta bull-breeding ranch, Mexico's biggest, whose bulls are shown fighting on these pages. La Pueta's peppery owners, Don Peco and Don Pepe Madrazo, are

(text continues on page 39)

Moving his muleta a little too fast, perhaps deliberately risking control over the bull in order to encourage it to charge well, Fermín Rivera performs a right-hand pass in a picture that catches bullfighting's tense excitement







## THE PICADOR

The bullfight proper starts with the appearance of everybody's enemy, the *picador*. To the novice fan he is evil itself—a brawny-armed bravo who rides a well-padded, blindfolded but pathetic old horse and lures the bull into charging it. Then, while the bull is snorting and straining, he



## BANDERILLERO

After the picing and rival demonstrations of cape work by the *matadores*, *banderillas*, barbed sticks, are sunk into the bull to help wear down its strength. Here Carlos (Little Canes) Vera, a better *banderillero* than he is a *matador*, places a pair in the manner called "force to force." At left



sticks an inch and a half of steel at the end of a nine-foot pole into its back, producing the afternoon's first shocking sight of blood. To veteran fans the *picador* is even more sinister. His job is to "pic" the lifting (or goring) muscle atop the neck, slowing the bull without ruining its will to attack.

But must pic farther back, making the bull less belligerent—and drawing boos from the *aficionados*. Bullfighters aloft are in the ring to take the bull away from the horse after the picung. But the one in picture at left is risking a fine by being out of his appointed place at the left of the horse.



he calls the bull. As it charges (second picture from left) Vera runs toward it, lifting his arms with the *banderillas* high, and leaves the ground. Bull and man come together (third picture) and Vera sinks the sticks where they belong: high on the shoulders, close together and well back of the

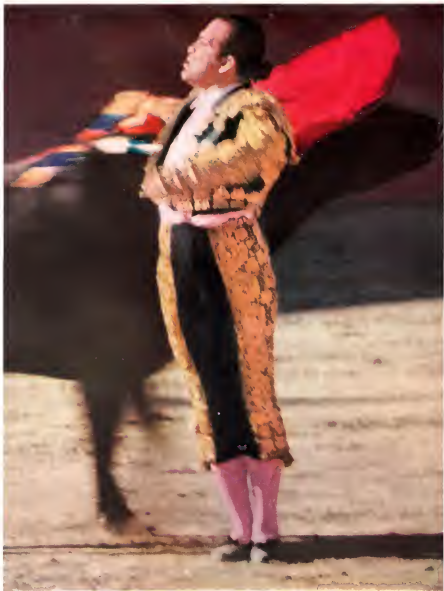


neck. The shock stops the bull for a split second; his head comes down seeking something to strike, and Vera, using the *banderillas* as levers, twists away from the horns, throwing his arms up (fourth picture) in the traditional signal that he, for one, thinks (correctly) that the job was well done.

## THE FAENA

THE FINAL act before the death of the bull is the *faena*, a series of linked passes by the *matador*. He comes to the bull alone, armed only with his courage, his sword and the *muleta*, a small red cloth draped over a stick. There, to the limits of his skill and spirit, he tries to mold sudden violence into slow grace; to bring the charging bull's horns closer and closer, slower and slower, until the spectators catch fire and the plaza shakes with short, breathless growls of "olé" that stop in the air as the bull whirls to charge again. It isn't easy; it doesn't always come off; desperately reaching for it, *matadores* often mix such ornamental frivolities as the *Lacraína*, a pass named for the Spanish bullfighter who invented it and which the Mexican Carlos Vera is doing at right, with more fundamental passes. These bring the bull in, head low, horns outreaching, close on the right or, more dangerous, closer on the left of the bullfighter. But even in the heat of the *faena*, the *matador* must study his bull—which horn it hooks with and how fast its eyes move—for in a few moments his life will depend on this knowledge.







## THE MOMENT OF TRUTH

The *matador* is in most danger just as he kills his bull. Some of history's greatest—Antonio Montes, Joséito, Manolete—suffered their own death wounds in this moment. Here Rafael Rodríguez, best of the current crop of Mexican *matadores*, kills in the classic 18th century style called *rolopió*, flight afoot. Above, having made certain that the bull's eyes





are following the muleta in his left hand rather than the sword in his right, that its front feet are close together, thus opening wider the gap between its shoulder bones on top where the sword must go in to strike the vital organs, he starts his charge from a position in profile to the bull. He moves out the muleta (below, left), drawing the horns

down and to his right. As the sword goes in (below, right) in what bullfight fans call "the moment of truth" he is directly over the horns. The bull, wounded unto death, has but to lift its head to drive a horn into Rodriguez's groin or stomach. But Rafael pivots around the horn (next page), and the bull, vomiting blood, falls down and dies.







furiusly angry with the impresario for selling the reservations to their traditional seats in Plaza Mexico to former U.S. Ambassador Bill O'Dwyer and others, and they won't sell him any bulls. Even so, from now until the end of April six large and indignant animals from one ranch or another will be present and ceremoniously slain at Plaza Mexico every Sunday afternoon, beginning promptly at 4 o'clock.

#### THE CLASSIC "THIRDS"

The Spanish historian, Don José María de Cossío, has written: "The festival of bullfighting is not merely a pastime, debatable from moral, pedagogical, esthetic and sentimental points of view but [is] a fact of profound meaning in the Spanish way of life and possessing roots so deep and extensive that there is no social or artistic activity, from the language to industry or commerce, where traces of it cannot be found." Anyone who has ever watched a Spanish businessman flourish his pen like a sword over a contract that puts his whole fortune at stake, or had his speeding automobile breathtakingly "passed across the chest" by a small boy with a bit of a rag, will understand exactly what Don José María means. Wherever the Spaniard writ once ran there are people, not the majority of people but many people, who passionately want to see bulls killed beautifully in the classic "thirds" of the ring—the Third of the Pica, the Third of the Banderillas and the Third of Death.

Nowadays they want to see it done with the slow, low, graceful, death-teasing techniques evolved in this century by Rafael Gómez y Ortega (El Gallo), the Precursor; Juan Belmonte, the Prophet; and the Gods José Gómez y Ortega (Joselito), El Gallo's brother, and Manuel Rodríguez (Manolete). These, and two others who helped evolve cape and banderilla forms—Rodolfo Gaona, a simple Mexican, and Marcial Lalanda, a sophisticated Madrileño—made modern bullfighting. After them there is little to tell save anecdotes—how Armillita Chico was the least gored bullfighter and Luis Freg the most, and precisely how Antonio Mantes suffered his final wounds while sitting atop a bull's horns, and the fact that two of the greatest, Joselito and Manolete, were also killed by the bulls.

But alive or dead the greatest have all left ghosts in the ring to haunt young bullfighters. Giron and Rafael

Rodriguez are good bullfighters and there will be fine bullfights in Plaza Mexico this season, but how is a young fellow going to light the eyes of an old man who, 40 years ago, saw Juan Belmonte, Joselito and Rodolfo Gaona all on the same card? Or how set fire to a town that only six years ago burned to the mastery of Manolete, the Monster, greatest of them all?

Sunday after Sunday, with tickets costing up to \$300 each, Manolete would pack the 50,000-seat arena until the merchants, who themselves were letting their insurance lapse rather than miss a single corrida, protested that all the money was being drained out of the national economy and into the bull ring.

He was slim, unsmiling, with a tragic air about him. Perhaps it was partly drilled into him by a shrewd manager, for bullfighting is a cynical business at best, and perhaps it was partly born in his own spirit, for he could see the end coming.

He would stand in front of the bull, the thousands around him dead silent, sword in his right hand, and offer the *muleta* with his left, low, inches to the left of his thigh and groin. The bull would charge and there would be one agonized grunt of "olé" from 50,000 throats and then silence again as he turned to face the bull. The tension would build, bit by bit, tighter and tighter, until he killed the bull, and then people would explode. Crying men would throw their hats and coats into the ring. Shivering women would throw their undergarments to him as he walked in sad triumph around the ring. He would pick them up and, with a gesture half salute, half as if about to drink a toast, throw them back to their owners. But there would be no smile; just the same somber look with which, at Linares, Spain, on Aug. 28, 1947, he killed a Miura bull in the same instant that the bull mortally wounded him.

Afterward his rivals, the Mexican Carlos Arraza, and the Catalonian Luis Miguel Gonzalez (Dominguín), carried on for awhile, then retired. New young stars, Miguel Baez (Litri III), and Julio Aparicio, arose and things seemed almost the same. The *mafores* were bringing the bulls in closer and closer until suddenly Antonio Mejías (Bienvenida), head of the bullfighters union and descendant of a long line of Mejías bullfighters all calling themselves Bienvenida, blew the whistle. In Spain corrupt managers and promoters were shaving a few centimeters off the bulls' horns before each

fight. As a result the bulls were not only slow to strike with the cut horns but when they did they were apt to misjudge the thrust needed to connect. New regulations were promptly set up requiring post-mortems by registered veterinarians on all dead bulls, with heavy fines when any were found horn-shaven. Thereupon casualty figures began to mount; there was an average of one serious goring in every four bullfights in Spain last year, and two bullfighters were killed. But it was honest.

It is, perhaps, hard to understand. Many Americans will see some part of the bullfighting proceedings in Mexico or in Spain this year. Most will turn away from the blood and pain, utterly revolted; an attitude, it should be hastily explained, that is perfectly normal; in fact it is shared by many Spaniards and Mexicans. Others will recognize in the elaborate formalism of the bull ring the need for a special knowledge, somewhat like the special knowledge one must take to the ballet or to a baseball game; their interest will drift off. Some, following recent literary trends, will swallow their squeamishness and declare themselves delighted. A few, having had the good luck of running up against a good bullfight first crack out of the box, will fall enraptured and become *oñismados*. Unfortunately this is usually the first step toward becoming a *villemelon*, a boastful fellow who loftily pretends a highly dubious expertise in the ancient arts of tauromachy. In fact the new *oñismado* will soon discover that he has joined a cult whose members spend their time, while the bulls snort in the background, disdainfully sniffing at one another.

#### NINE WISE MEN

In Mexico City's Tupinamba cafe, which is comparable to New York's Lindy's, the Nine Wise Men, all elderly gentlemen who broadcast to the nation every Sunday night on what they thought of the bullfight Sunday afternoon, sometimes invite SI Reporter Rafael Delgado Lozano to voice an opinion—but within limits. At 46, Rafael is judged far too young to speak of any bullfighter who has not worked within the past 20 years. Let him say one word comparing what he saw in the afternoon to what he has heard Joselito used to do, and his hosts will throw him out. They even sneer Impresario Gaona, telling him, politely enough, that he is a mere Barnum, a pandorer to the masses, with no true understanding of how to bring bull and

continued on next page

bullfighter together in perfect combination, like a rare old wine and an even rarer old cheese.

This horrible snobbism reaches its height in the *porra* and *contra-porra*, the shirt-sleeved gentry of bullfighting's left-field bleachers who occupy the sun-drenched seats on either side of the judges. They express their opinions brutally. They make shocking references to intimate parts of the human body. But always and inevitably, their attention, their emotion, the compelling force of those demanding and bestowing instincts which center in the guts, will finally focus on the bull.

He is implacable, magnificent. He may spot a piece of paper floating down from the crowd. He will spear it on one horn and rip it to shreds with two angry shakes of his head. Seeing the proffered cape of one of the bullfighter's assistants he charges, head down and horn hooking. From behind a fence the bullfighter nervously studies him; does he charge straight? Which horn does he favor?

He is death; and therein lies his final fascination. The crowd, shrill and excited, looks at him and shivers. And then, to conquer death, to bring him to his knees with grace and beauty, the matador steps swiftly into the ring.

In Plaza Mexico the *porra* and *contra-porra* remember the day they jeered the great Manolete for refusing to place *banderillas*, and assigning the job to one of his assistants. He took the bull directly before his critics. There he executed one of the most beautiful and dangerous passes in bullfighting—the *nocheval*. It is dangerous because the cloth is in the bullfighter's left hand and the sword, which must remain always in his right, cannot be used to spread the cloth wider. The bull comes very close. Manolete did this with slow, certain grace; but it differed from many others he did during his career in this way. Not once as the bull roared past him did he look at it.

He was staring with cold contempt up into the seats at the people who had jeered him. They gasped. Still with his head back, staring up at the people, he turned and brought the bull by again. That wrenched the first "ooh" from the crowd. Nine times he passed that bull and not once did he look at it. Then, fixing it in one spot, he turned for one last stare. He touched his body, where, according to Spanish mythology, human courage resides. Then he turned and killed the bull. (END)

## SIX CLASSIC PASSES

### WITH CAPE



#### VERONICA

This is basic pass with which control is established over the bull. Some say the name derives from St. Veronica, often pictured similarly holding the cloth with which she wiped Jesus' face.

### WITH MULETA



#### POR ALTO

Working sword in hand at the opening of the final phase of the fight, the bullfighter sends the bull chasing the muleta toward the sky in a *pass por alto*, thus further weakening his neck.



### FAROL

The farol is a fancier veronica. It starts as a veronica, then the bullfighter swirls the cape around his head and behind his back, with the bull following it closely around.



### REBOLERA

The rebolera is a pass used to end a series of veronicas in spectacular grace. Letting one end of the cape balloon completely free, the bullfighter spins and brings the bull to a halt.



### NATURAL

The pass natural, done with the left hand very close to the bull, is the fundamental pass of the bullfight, very dangerous and very beautiful.



### POR PECHO

The pass por pecho, which is shown here in its final phase, is the classic ending to a series of naturales, with the bullfighter sending the bull across his chest and straight on out.

summer months will get you five fish for every one hung on the rack at the end of a February day. The winds of winter, often brisk, die off to a fine somnolence of calm seas in the spring, the water warms and fish go closer shoreward.

The winter crowd, fishing from charter boat and private cruiser, hangs up many fine records, which can certainly claim to be the most publicized of all, especially in the big-game division. And while at many other fishing centers in the country the use of a fair-sized power boat often provides the sole chance of any good salt-water fish, it's a different story on the Keys.

#### CAR-HOPPING ANGLERS

Here an alert angler going on his own, fishing by car, from bridge or ramp—at most using a skiff with an outboard—is barred only from a crack at the big billfish of the Stream. An ambitious guide midway down the Highway is now booked days in advance to conduct his parties, by car, to choice fishing spots. He makes no all-day trips, guiding his charters to a bridge or shoreline exactly at what he considers the right tide and hour. This minimizes the time required and eliminates the boat ride, often long, to the grounds to be fished.

Added to the story of this deft operation is the certainly unique feature that so far the fisherman has never been rained out. General storms covering the length of the Highway are rare. A quick run from a drifting squall into sun and calmer waters 20 miles up or

down the road saves the day for the fisherman-by-car. He'll fish anything from grunts to tarpon, but his specialty is permit, the great powerful pompano that streaks seaward with the speed of a bonefish and the force of a charging bull. Often he will outcatch the powerboats also seeking this comparatively rare prize.

The casual fisherman's gear should include a bait-casting or spinning rod, a favorite plug or two, a spoon, a feathered lure. Along with this light tackle it is a good idea to bring a six-foot rod with a star-drag reel and at least an 18-thread line. A fisherman is likely to find himself desperately working a heavy fish away from bridge pilings, and he needs the stout gear.

It's a wonderful experience to fish the Keys. You toss a plug across that swirling eddy at the tip of the bridge ramp. With a pistol-shot explosion, a barracuda who has been lurking there in the feed drift slashes across the surface, twisting into the air. Five or 10 minutes of looping runs and the sharp characteristic bulldog yankings, and the first fish of the day comes to gaff.

Out of the corner of your eye you've been aware that some large fish, too far distant to identify, was being hauled up over the bridge railing. A few unproductive casts, and curiosity gets the better of you—you move a mile out on the bridge with half a dozen other fishermen. The fish you couldn't identify turns out to be a 30-pound grouper, a tough tussle in water coursing 15 feet below the railing.

The "catch-all" bait of the Keys is cut and whole mullet, except for such crustacean-feeding species as the

sheepshead and pompano. You've switched now to the heavy rod, a light sinker, No. 4 or 5 hook and a slice of ocean mullet.

What's going to hit? It's not a bad bet that before you can go through the long roster of possibilities you'll have your first strike. You've forgotten that cobia stray in from the reefs, but there is one of them surfacing, fighting head down in an all-out charge that makes you glad you switched tackle.

It's late afternoon now. You've landed half a dozen good fish and you begin to look around. Off toward the tiny mangrove island tall white herons walk their methodical patrol. Two bonefishermen are making their last casts of the day in the shelving shallow to the right, and a charterboat has pulled in to the lee of the bridge, releasing floats over live bait to drift toward the pilings for tarpon.

#### THE NIGHT FISHERMEN

With the coming of evening, a new batch of fishermen move to their places. These are mostly the smart locals who know that quite a few of the best fish are primarily night feeders and they don't mind braving a few mosquito waves to get them. The school of snappers that teased and moved away all day from the most tempting bait will break up now and start a fast steady feeding. Great slug-jawed tarpon begin to stir, slapping the water's surface.

At the docksides, in the neon splashes of bars that dot the dark wilderness of the Keys, in town restaurants, the talk everywhere is of the day's fishing, the plans for tomorrow.

If you've taken up your place with the night watch to jump a tarpon, you have one of fishing's greatest moments ahead of you—a huge, gill-distended slab-sided fish lunging skyward, a silver blaze in the moonlight. No motor to tire him, no guide to play your position. Just a lone, personalized battle with the most versatile of all big-game fighters charging off across the water, barrel-rolling, reversing to shoot straight at the bridge pilings from which you must keep him at all costs. You'll watch incredible jump after jump until he tires, and then walk him to the ramp. There, with a silent salute, you may release him for some future fray.

At Key West they're fishing at the end of Duval Street, the main thoroughfare, and boxfish, moonfish and a big jewfish will probably be on the dock behind the night club before it closes. It's all around the clock on the world's longest fishing pier.



**EVERYONE HELPS** when a big fish is hooked on a setline. Here anglers from up and down the easeway have converged to subdue and haul to the road a giant sea bass.

# the tee-off is the pay-off...

*The golfers of America, by  
teeing off on NATIONAL GOLF DAY during  
the past three years, have contributed  
over \$317,000 to deserving organizations*

The National Golf Fund, Inc. reports the following  
disbursement of the proceeds of three years of  
NATIONAL GOLF DAY as of November 30, 1954:

NAME OF ORGANIZATION	TOTAL DISBURSEMENT 1952-1954
United Service Organizations, Inc.	\$160,544.65
The American Women's Voluntary Services, Inc.	9,000.00
Middle Atlantic Blind Golfers Association	3,000.00
United States Blind Golfers Association	3,000.00
United States Golf Association— Greens Section and Turf Research Educational Program	23,700.00
United States Junior Chamber of Commerce War Memorial Fund	23,000.00
Caddie Scholarship Funds	51,500.00
The Professional Golfers Association (Relief, Educational and Benevolent Funds, and National Caddie Association)	38,200.00
Possibilities, Unlimited	6,000.00

**Total: 3 Years of National Golf Day**

**\$317,944.65**

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The National Golf Fund, Inc. has been created by  
NATIONAL GOLF DAY. All proceeds of NATIONAL  
GOLF DAY go to deserving organizations—LIFE under-  
writes all expenses. Thousands of golfers will be tee-  
ing off this year against national champs Ed Furgol  
and Babe Didrickson Zaharias on golf courses  
throughout the country on June 4th. Watch for more  
news of NATIONAL GOLF DAY—1955.

# GOOD OLD HUNTING

This generation of wildfowlers missed out on the greatest shooting New England ever saw. This is how it used to be

by JAMES B. TREFETHEN

ALONG the North Atlantic coast the modern goose shooter, a champion at ignoring discomfort, often bemoans his modern bag limit of two birds. Crouched in the cold, he dreams of days of more liberal hunting. To complete his misery, he may also dream of the fantastically comfortable shooting setups which flourished in southern New England for nearly a century, then died abruptly in 1934 when shooting over live decoys was banned.

## COBBLERS ORIGINATED THE SYSTEM

The origin of "stand" shooting, as it was called, was typically American. Around 1840 several cobblers near Brockton, Mass. took tools and guns to the bank of a nearby pond, tethered a live goose in the water before a crude blind, and proceeded to mix business with pleasure. When no geese dropped in, they worked at their lasts; when geese were flying, they shot—and a single plump gander brought more at the market than three pairs of shoes. Wealthy sportsmen and limited-membership clubs adopted and elaborated upon the scheme until by 1900 stands had been constructed on practically every large pond along the New England coast from Merrymeeting Bay in Maine to Connecticut. From beginning to end, southeastern Massachusetts was the center, by 1930 it had nearly 400 licensed shooting stands.

Each of these stands had three essentials: a decoy beach, a blind and a camp to house the hunters—the size and elegance of all reflecting the prosperity of the owner. A typical establishment had an artificial beach of clean white sand that gave sharp focus to the strong blacks and browns of the live decoys. At a small stand there might be 20 live geese tethered on the

beach; the largest had beaches more than 100 feet long and used up to 300 live decoys. In the water off the beach were arranged an equivalent number of artificials.

The blind, running the full length of the beach, was a wall of rough pine slabs or green-painted planks, camouflaged on the water side with fresh-cut boughs of oak and pine. Peepholes and shooting ports were cut along it at regular intervals. There usually was a lean-to shelter in the blind for the protection of the shooters and several pens for "call" ducks whose mates were tethered on the beach to stimulate domestic conversation.

The shooting camp, well screened by trees and camouflaged with boughs, lay behind the blind. This was generally a small but comfortable tar-paper-covered cottage, furnished with bunk beds, a stove, table and chairs. The more elaborate could easily be used for year-round residences. Connecting blind and camp was a sunken path, often thatched or partially roofed to form a tunnel.

The hunters spent most of their time in the camp, playing cards, reading or drinking. When a distant V of geese was sighted, a watcher in the blind signaled the camp with an electric buzzer, whereupon the hunters raced through the tunnel to the blind and took up their positions along the wall. By this time the decoys on the beach would be in full cry, tolling their own kind to death with almost satanic glee. If the wild birds still showed no sign of interest, the gunner worked a lever which released from five to 50 young birds kept in pens behind the lodge or camp. These "fliers" flew from their pens, circled over the water and swam to the beach to join their companions and to

feed. This deception usually worked.

Wild geese rarely dropped directly into the decoys. Usually they lit far out in open water and swam warily in toward the beach. In spite of the great investment in equipment that the larger stands represented, none of the stand shooters enjoyed goose shooting every day, since eastern New England lies too far off the main flight lines of the geese. But when a flock of Canadas did move into range, the hunters made the best of their opportunity. After the kill had been retrieved, the hunters usually retired to the warmth of the stove, to the cards and the coffee while the gunner rounded up and penned the fliers and resumed his lone vigil in the blind.

## LIVE DECOYS WERE DEADLY

It was a slaughter when the geese arrived, and public opinion finally forced abandonment of stand shooting. Yet, in its day there was some justification for it. Usually there were long waits, sometimes of days on end, before geese came within sight, and nothing else would bring them in but live decoys. In 1932 there were 357 licensed shooting stands in Massachusetts, using 6,616 live geese and 5,445 live duck decoys. Their reported kill that year was 5,669 geese and 18,755 black ducks. By contrast in 1934, when live decoys first were banned, only 106 geese and 610 ducks were killed at the 64 stands that opened. Few remained in operation after 1935.

The field of American sport has never seen anything like the old shooting stands, and it will never see their like again. Even if the law someday again permits the use of live decoys, which is unlikely, the chain has been broken. The old-time decoy keepers and gunners are gone or are going fast; the wild ponds where the stands once stood have been tamed, their shores dotted with garish cottages and hemmed with roads. The shooting camps have been razed or converted into summer residences and the blinds broken into kindling by picnickers. Little remains except the rusting wire of an occasional flier pen, a few rotting slabs, and memories that still haunt some old-timers as they huddle in open blinds hoping for just one shot at a Canada goose.



# Genteel Sports of Old Japan



THE popular art of the Japanese people in the latter half of the 18th Century was the polychrome woodblock print of "genre" type, illustrating various pastimes of everyday life such as the decorous sports shown on this and the following page. Japan was

in a period of peace and prosperity and much of the populace had the time and means to enjoy sports and games. In the delightful print above, by Isoda Kōrasai, two elegant young men engage in archery while a girl attendant tries to hide her giggles behind her hand.

Sold in the market places and at fairs, these Japanese prints were the work of artists whose skill has rarely been excelled. This woodcut of two young girls fishing was done by unchallenged master of the group, Suzuki Harunobu.



All prints from Art Institute of Chicago collection

The prints of this period were the first made in Japan with several blocks using different colors, a process developed in 1742. In the print shown at the right two women, dressed in male hunting attire, hunt with a falcon.





## BOXING *continued from page 13*

business. With me he is always a gentleman and good company. If I want to see him it's my own damn business."

If Golfbag were Norris' only criminal associate, one would be tempted to assign the cause to a perverse but perhaps rather admirable loyalty to an old friendship founded on an old favor. But this is not the case. Norris' primary interest changed from racing—although he still has a stable, and perhaps finds Hunt's friendship helpful in track affairs—to boxing, and he acquired interests in several fighters.

A result, as SI has already disclosed, was that he "fixed" one of them, Harry Thomas, to lose two important fights. He became a boxing promoter, arranging matches in the Chicago Stadium and other arenas controlled by his father—and finally, as we have seen, became cofounder and president of the boxing monopoly. En route, he found "good company" of an equally dubious sort. As a Harlem acquaintance has put it, "That Norris—he just seems to prefer the lower class-teel of life."

For instance, Frank Carbo.

Norris has said, "Sure, I know Frank Carbo. Everybody knows Frank Carbo. I occasionally have had a cup of coffee or a beer with Carbo."

### "MR. GRAY"

But along "Jacobs Beach," as the dreary neighborhood around Madison Square Garden is called in honor of the late Mike, the name "Frank Carbo" evokes such tangled emotions of fear, awe, and desire that the denizens of that world have a hard time even saying it. If they manage to choke it up, it is usually in a raspy half-whisper, and with a sliding and furtive movement of the eyes. To them, as they talk among themselves, he is "The Gray-haired Guy," or even "Mr. Gray" (the name, incidentally, of one of Norris' horses). They fear him as the arbiter of their fortunes, the man they must "get straight with" if they are to make a living in the boxing business; moreover, as a man who knows how to enforce his point of view. They are in awe of him because they believe in his power and in his access to the highest commercial and governmental agencies in boxing. And they are filled with a desire to make the money which Carbo, properly placated, can send their way.

Who is this man who has been called "the overlord of boxing's underworld"? What is the source of his power? What is his relationship with Norris?

Frank Carbo, alias Paul Carbo,



**THE GRAY-HAIRED GUY**, Frank Carbo, was prematurely gray when he was jailed in Los Angeles in 1942 (above) for the murder of Harry Greenberg. The case ultimately was dismissed for lack of evidence. Picture at right shows Carbo as he looks today as Syndicate's overlord of boxing.

alias Frank Tucker, known in earlier times as "Jimmy the Wop," Number B-55838 on the New York Police records and Number 187972 in the files of the FBI, was born on August 10, 1904 in New York City and while still a child gave promise of his later success as a hoodlum, bandit and killer. He was first arrested at the age of eleven and dispatched to the Juvenile Catholic Protectors, where he was recommitted at the ages of 12, 13 and 14 successively. At the age of 18 he was charged with felonious assault, and at 19 with grand larceny. At 20 he killed an unarmed taxi driver named Al Weher, and after some delay was sentenced to Sing Sing. There he spent less than a year before being paroled. The following year he was wanted for questioning in connection with the murder of Mickey Duffy, a bootlegger. In 1933 he was wanted for armed robbery and for the murders of two beer racketeers named Max Greenberg and Max Hassel. In 1941, by now as a trigger man for Murder, Inc., he was indicted and tried for the Los Angeles murder of Harry Greenberg (no relation to his earlier Greenberg), a renegade from the Lepke mob. He was let off by a hung jury and a re-trial was scheduled, but



William O'Dwyer, then district attorney of Kings County, refused to let the key witness make a second trip to California.

The evidence, of course, is incomplete, since men in Carbo's type of work tend to lack candor. How and when he entered the boxing business is not certain, but by 1935 on his own admission—following one of his arrests for murder—he owned part of the middleweight champion, Babe Risko. For some years he seems to have specialized in middleweights. Freddy Steele, the next champion, got his fight with Risko in Seattle only after Carbo had been cut in on his contract, and presumably

*continued on next page*



**JIMMY PLUMERI** (alias Doyle), trucking racketeer, has "cut in" many boxers.



**VITO GENOVESE**, reputed Syndicate boss—"friend" of Matchmaker Billy Brown.



**"GOLFRAG" HUNT**, Chicago gangster, is friend and frequent guest of Jim Norris.

## BOXING *continued from page 17*

the same leverage was used to give him a share in the next succeeding champions, Al Hostak and Solly Krieger. Gradually, however, Carbo branched out, and already by the mid-1940s was known as a man of substantial and diverse holdings among boxers. It was more than a business with him; he was a boxing buff, and a very well-informed one. And so, since initiative and hard work count for something in the underworld as well as in the world of legality, it was natural that in time he should become head of boxing in the Syndicate.

### U.N. OF CRIME

Like son itself, the Syndicate can not be defined with precision, although law enforcement agencies spend a good deal of time trying to do so. The best opinion is that it is an outgrowth of the old Mafia, no longer limited to Sicilians and organized on a less formal and more flexible basis. It evidently is a sort of U.N. of crime, composed of sovereign but closely consulting groups, each with its own sphere of influence such as narcotics, numbers or waterfront rackets. Jurisdictional disputes are handled by consultation among the leaders and—it is believed—under the impartial offices of an unofficial secretary general. (Lucky Luciano and Frank Costello supposedly are past occupants of this office; the current one may be Vito Genovese.) Each group is autonomous yet answerable to the others and to the secretary general, a man trusted to have the basest motives at heart and desirous, naturally, of seeing men of unquestioned dishonesty in the various positions of responsibility. In the framework of this apparatus,

under circumstances that remain obscure even to the police, Frank Carbo rose to become chief of the Syndicate's boxing section at about the same time as the birth of the IBC.

This is not to say that there was any direct connection between the two events. The coincidence, however, was to have its effects, and these were to be amplified by still a third coincidence. It was at this time that television began its tremendous growth. With free boxing at his disposal in the living room, the average boxing fan stayed home from the local arenas, and these soon began to wither away. To make any sort of living, boxers and managers found themselves increasingly dependent on a narrowing number of arenas, mostly those which had found TV sponsors. Excluding heavyweight title bouts (usually televised on a closed circuit) boxing's TV receipts are running at the rate currently of \$2 millions compared with \$1.5 millions from the box office; and whereas from 150 to 200 cities used to have boxing shows on a fairly regular schedule, the number now is down to about eight, with only about 25 boxing cards a week throughout the entire country.

Thus the times were especially favorable for the IBC to establish its legal domination and for Carbo and the Syndicate to establish their illegal one. The latter, of course, lacking the full protection of the law, could not be so complete; there still are fighters and managers who have evaded it. But Carbo has done very well. Unable to obtain a manager's license because of his criminal record, he operates instead through "fronts" or "piece-men" who have licenses: such men as Willie Friedenberg (alias Willie "The Undertaker"

Ketekum), Hymie "The Monk" (or "The Weasel") Wallman, Al "The Vest" Weill and Angel Lopez. Other managers, although not "fronting" for Carbo and maintaining a good deal of freedom of action, must ordinarily make some accommodation with him. According to one of the highest law-enforcement officials of New York City, he dominates the International Boxing Guild, the principal association of managers, and is believed to have "pieces" of half the current champions and of a number of the contenders and top-of-the-card fighters. His associates in the Syndicate—some of whom operate from inside the IBC—own or control most of the others.

How can he do it? When a promising young fighter comes to New York, as all of them do, Carbo or one of his associates watches him in action. If he looks good, and unless he is already spoken for by one of the Syndicate's out-of-town gangster affiliates, a "front" manager approaches the boy's manager, sometimes with an offer to buy all or part of his contract, sometimes with a simple demand to be "cut in." For instance, last year "someone" at the Garden bought Hurricane Jackson from his managers for \$7,500. Subsequently, it was announced that Lippy Breitbart had become Jackson's "sole manager." If the offer or demand is refused there is at least the threat of physical punishment, though it is seldom inflicted these days. However, as one prominent manager says, "Carbo is a killer. All the managers are afraid of him." Ordinarily the result is simply that the boy gets no more fights at important arenas. There are many examples to prove this point; but here, for the moment, it is more interesting to

examine the sources of Carbo's authority. Since boxing cards are arranged by matchmakers, it will be useful to look, for example, at the Madison Square Garden matchmaker.

**"MR. BROWN"**

Since August of 1952, when Al Weill resigned and acknowledged himself to be the manager of Rocky Marciano, the Garden matchmaker has been a squat, balding ex-prizefighter who calls himself Billy Brown but whose real name is Dominick Mordini.

That Brown should have been James D. Norris' choice for matchmaker may, by itself, indicate something about the latter's tolerance of a man's social connections, and a list of Brown's friends indicates how far—and in what direction—that tolerance stretches. Brown's daughter was married not long ago, and on this sentimental occasion the guest list included Vito Genovese, Frank Casino, Jimmy Plumeri (alias Doyle), Tommy Dio, Champ Segal, Eddie Coco and Tommy Eboli (alias Ryan), all notorious gangsters—and none other than Frank Carbo.

Is this guilt by association? Indeed it is. At former chairman Christenberry's request, the laws governing boxing in New York were revised in 1952 to give him the power to revoke the license of "anyone who even associates with criminals . . . [or] who in our judgment acts against the best interests of boxing or the public." Yet Brown was appointed head matchmaker at the Garden after this new law was passed. And the aforementioned sentimental convention of hoodlums took place only last October.

Can one believe that James D. Norris has somehow been innocently and naively victimized—that he is unaware of the criminal nature of the men who are his friends? For instance, could anyone in the boxing business fail to know that Eddie Coco, Rocky Graziano's former "manager," is a gangster and murderer? Yet, when Coco was first convicted in 1951 of the killing of a car washer in Miami, one of his character references was Norris, who wrote, "In my association with him [Coco] I have always found him to be a man of his word, well liked and highly respected by his many friends."

Among Coco's many friends is Frank Carbo who, in turn, has been heard to say, "One of the things I'm proudest of is my friendship with Jim Norris." Carbo and Norris are not seen together in public these days, but before the scandal of boxing attracted

too much attention they could be found from time to time at a midtown New York restaurant that belonged to Eddie Coco. Carbo has visited at Norris' home in Coral Gables, Fla. When Norris' wife died a few years ago, Carbo—and other mobsters—attended the funeral.

One of the best-informed police officials in New York City has said, "When you're talking with Carbo, you're talking with Norris."

What Carbo stands to gain from this association is, of course, apparent. His "pieces" of important fighters add up to important money, and his ability to "fix" fights in which his fighters appear enables him and his friends in the Syndicate to make betting coups. It has been estimated that on a major fight the Syndicate's betting manager, believed to be Frank Casino, can place as much as \$1,600,000 in bets—widely spread around the country, naturally, and in small amounts. The number of outright "fixes," in which one fighter has orders to "take a dive," may be comparatively small. But there

are more subtle ways of building the odds to the gamblers' advantage: matching a boy a little beyond his weight or class, or matching him too soon after his last fight, perhaps when he is suffering from injuries which only a few know about, or deliberately overtraining or undertraining him. Fights can be and are "fixed" in such ways without either fighter knowing about it. The results, whatever the methods, have made Carbo a rich man who during one nine-month period was able to deposit \$300,000 in the bank, although he has no visible means of support.

What could Norris gain by dealing with such a man? One clue may lie in his comment when asked recently to explain the Coco letter. "Graziano was the middleweight champion," he said, "and his fight with Zale set the indoor record at Chicago. Coco was licensed. And when I needed Graziano for a bout, I got him. Coco always came through. I was asked to write the letter and I did. It seemed like a good thing to

*continued on next page*



**CONTRAST IN TEMPERAMENT** between the Norrises, son and father, was displayed in 1949 when James Sr. shoutingly

protested referee's decision during a hockey game while James Jr. watched in moody silence. The elder Norris died in 1952.

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## "FEEL LIKE A KID"

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Fred M. Briggs,  
Laguna Beach, Calif.



**AT COMMISSION HEARING** last November presided over by then-Chairman Christenberry (second from left), Garden Matchmaker Billy Brown (Dominick Meedlin) swears to tell the truth in testimony on dispute between two managers' organizations.

## BOXING *continued from page 19*

do at the time, although I guess in retrospect it wasn't."

The Norris-IBC arena holdings and television contracts need a steady, reliable source of fighters and of managers who "always come through." In spite of the power of its own monopoly, how much simpler, how much more convenient and practical, the IBC may find it to deal with a Carbo and a puppet organization of managers—the I.B.G.—than with independent managers with their rapscallion and demanding ways. A Norris-Carbo alliance would make as much sense economically as the tie-ins between merchants and suppliers that are quite routine—and quite legal—in many fields of business.

### "ON THE INSIDE"

To this, people who have known Norris add a psychological factor difficult to pin down yet perhaps of overriding importance. Certainly Norris, with his immense fortune, does not need the money he makes from boxing. As he said recently, "I make nothing out of this job. I get no salary and no expense account. If all these things they may were true, what would I have to gain?" The answer seems to be simply that Norris likes his associations with such people as Carbo, Coco, Golf-bag Sam Hunt and similar racketeers, that he has a naive and half-juvenile admiration for gangsters and is gratified by being "on the inside." Raised

in Chicago during the 1920s when gangsterism had a certain glamour, learning to gamble and "study the angles" at an early age, learning at his father's knee the difference between "wise money" and "sucker money," so rich that the only satisfaction in making money was to make it shrewdly, from the "inside," he perhaps has found a satisfying sense of power and self-esteem in becoming a man to whom the leading fighters and the toughest hoodlums defer.

On the record, Norris knows nothing about the seamy side of boxing. "It's not as bad as it's painted," he says. "I've never done anything wrong. If I thought there was some sort of dirty work with one of our bouts, I'd be the first guy to holler Cop. Everybody around who's interested in the good name of boxing knows that I expect them, if they hear of anything wrong, to come in and say to me, 'Jim, you'd better look into that fight next week.' We don't want any black eyes... We maintain a constant vigilance." As for Carbo having to be cut in on fighters who work at the Garden, Norris says, "I don't see how it could be done."

To which a reasonable answer may be a recent observation by Lou Stillman, proprietor of the famous muscle parlor near the Garden. Pausing to spit on the floor, Stillman commented, "As my old mother, may God rest her, used to say, 'When three people tell you you're drunk, it's time to go to bed.'" **END**

**NEXT WEEK: ANOTHER CHAPTER IN THE  
STORY OF BOXING IN THE U.S.**

## TIP FROM THE TOP



Especially for beginners  
but useful for all golfers

from **JOHNNY REVOLTA**, pro at Golf Hills Golf Club

WHEN it comes to chip shots, it seems that practically every golfer has an inborn fear he won't give the ball enough loft. He wants to see that ball travel in a high arc, so he sets his weight back on the right leg and makes a jerky swing with his hands back of the club head at the moment of impact. The result is that he not only opens the club face too much but he also pulls his body upward in his convulsive scooping motion. Instead of lifting the ball in a crisp arc, he is lucky if he doesn't hit way behind it or skull it over the green.

To correct these faults, first make sure your left wrist is straight and on a line with the shaft. Then, when you swing, the key thing to remember is the hands, not the wrists. The backswing uses both hands evenly, with a certain amount of play in the wrists. So does the downswing. *The hands lead the club head slightly.* At impact you should feel yourself striking down and through the ball. This action may at first give you the sensation that you are closing the club head, but actually you are just giving yourself a chance to follow through in a straight line that follows the course of the ball. The loft of the club head will supply all the loft you need.



correct position at address,  
hands in front of the ball



the club head follows through  
on straight line to the target



incorrect position for  
playing a chip shot

NEXT WEEK'S GUEST PRO: JOE NOVAK ON THE ANGLE OF THE SHAFT

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# DIOR GOES WEST

Opening day at Santa Anita is traditionally as much a proving ground for fashion acceptance on the West Coast as the opening of Belmont is in the East. Report from the track: California has accepted the H-line

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTA



Marie Oberon wore Dior's new suit of gray flannel, with a boxed jacket which was partly cut away at sides like a man's shirttail, in the Brazilian Room of Santa Anita's Turf Club.



Mrs. Patrick Doherty also wore a Dior suit, this one with a new longer jacket buttoned snug at the hip. Formal accessories: white kid gloves—a California preference—satin scarf, diamond bracelet.

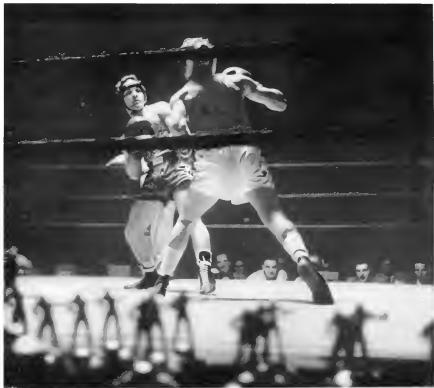
**T**HE LOUDEST CRY of protest and ridicule to greet the opening of the Paris collections last August came from California, land of the full-blown American beauty. But on the opening day of Santa Anita's magnificent track this year, the best-dressed ladies to be found in the Turf Club wore the H-line silhouette of Christian Dior and such American designers as Karen Stark and Pauline Trigere. Their escorts wore polo coats of camel's hair or vicuña, sport jackets over odd vests, sweater-vests of cashmere.



Mrs. William Shea of Beverly Hills wore an eye-catching costume of black and white (need that button down the back. It's by New York dress-designer Karen Stark.



Mrs. George M. McRae of Sierra Madre wore a tweed coat by Pauline Trigere. Its boy-splashed, straight lines are prophetic of a new slim silhouette for one of California's favorite fashions—the casual sport coat.



**TROPHY SILHOUETTES** line ringside as Robert Pizarich of the Louisiana State team backs away from Eric Hintze of Maryland in battle for the 147-pound title. Fighting three two-minute rounds, LSU's Pizarich won a decision.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BY PISKIN

## FIGHTING FOR ALMA MATER

Louisiana State University, perennially a top contender for national honors in the limited but still thriving intercollegiate boxing circuit (SI, Nov. 22), punched out a 7-1 victory over Maryland during the Sugar Bowl Tournament at New Orleans.

The LSU triumph was the pay-off on a wealth of material and some carefully planned strategy. Coach J. T. Owen's 30-man squad was the pick of about 100 candidates who turned out

at the beginning of the season. For three months the LSU fighters trained hard in the orthodox regimen of boxing—roadwork, calisthenics, punching the bag and, finally, contact work. To prepare for Maryland, Owen obtained films and scouting reports on the opponents. Schooled in the ways of their foes, the LSU fighters went on to their sweeping win, established themselves as the ones to beat in the NCAA championships this spring.



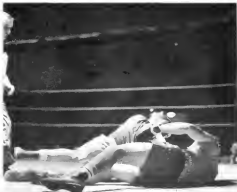
**MARYLAND LOSER** Leo Coyne sits at ringside after his fight while a solicitous teammate unwraps Coyne's wrist bandages.





**LSU CONQUEROR** Crowe Peele hovers over fallen foe Leo Coyne during fight for 176-pound title. Collegiate rules require all fighters to wear headgear and to use 12-oz. gloves instead of the 8-ounce ones that are normally used in professional boxing.

COMIC RELIEF FLOWED IN OCCASIONAL LAPSES SUCH AS DOUBLE TUMBLE



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## The BAHAMAS announce The 3rd ANNUAL WINTER FISHING TOURNAMENT



Champion wintertime game job of the Bahamas is the speedy wahoo—more than 100 were registered in last winter's Fishing Tournament.

Visitors fishing the flats, reefs, and offshore waters of the Bahamas from January 2nd through March 27th, 1965, will enjoy the added zest of close competition with their brother anglers.

The 3rd annual BAHAMAS WINTER FISHING TOURNAMENT will get under way on January 2nd and run for 85 days.

The tournament committee offers prizes, special awards and contest citations for the top-weight catches of 22 different salt-water gamesters.

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## BOWLING

### ALL-STAR ANDY

The big event is rolling, and SI sends  
valorous Varipapa a sentimental salute

by VICTOR KALMAN



ANDY VARIPAPA

CHICAGO, ILL.

SOMETIMES clown, often villain, ever a star performer, the indefatigable Andy Varipapa once again has taken center stage in the All-Star tournament, bowling's greatest annual drama. Varipapa, who was accorded top national billing before many of the 160 men and 64 women in the current cast were born, may fade out before the televised finale on Sunday, January 23rd. The All-Star is a body-punishing test of 100 games, and the chunky, explosive bowler from Hempstead, N.Y. is nudging 64. But on the eve of the spectacle, at least, he stood in the spotlight—not in his memorable role of braggadochio but as the sentimental choice of the public he has astounded, affronted and entertained for a lifetime.

This tournament, which means so much to so many, provides a natural setting for Varipapa's genius as a showman. U.S. championships representing a fortune in cash and prestige to the winners and their commercial sponsors are at stake in the vast, klieg-lighted Coliseum. No quarter is yielded—or sought—as old rivalries are renewed and new feuds provoked. Tension mounts daily and tempers fray thinner as one star after another falls, until, on the final day, only two or three are within reach of victory. The thousands

of televiewers who saw the team streaking down statuesque LaVerne Carter's face as she watched her husband, Don, defeat Bill Lillard in last year's thrilling final know something of the emotion packed into the All-Star. It is during such electric moments that the irrepressible Varipapa is at his best. Sometimes he furnishes comic relief. Just as often, he is the dynamo creating the electricity.

#### BEST OR NOBODY

One Varipapa trait that makes him a dangerous opponent even today is his passionate will to win. He displayed it almost immediately when he arrived in the U.S. from Italy shortly after the turn of the century. At that time he says, "I realized second best was no good in this country. You are the best or a nobody." He became a fine short-stop but quit baseball when he failed in a tryout with the Brooklyn Dodgers. He turned to boxing, won five consecutive professional bouts, received a sound thrashing in the sixth and never put on gloves again. Then came bowling, and Andy found the lane to glory.

The lane so closely paralleled that of the late Joe Palcaro, another fine showman, that they thoroughly confused the public for more than two decades. Both were trick-shot artists.



"Too much back-spin, Chester."

Both reached a vast audience through nationwide tours, movie shorts, radio and TV. Neither held a recognized title between 1933, when Falcaro lost the U.S. championship through forfeit, and 1946, when Varipapa amazed the sports world by winning it in the All-Star. But both talked so loudly and so long—Falcaro insisting he was “undefeated match game champion” and Varipapa dubbing himself “the world’s greatest bowler”—that the public generally considered one or the other champion throughout the era.

Of the two, Andy proved the better bowler during the 10 or 15 years prior to Falcaro’s death in 1951. And he took the talkathon hands down with his classic victory statement following the 1946 All-Star: “This has been long overdue. It’s about time the world’s greatest bowler was also world’s champion.” Then, to prove he was more than an orator, he won again in 1947 at the age of 56—the first man in history to defend the crown successfully. Carter was 26 when he turned the trick last year.

#### ANDY’S STRENGTH

If, along the lane to glory, Varipapa sometimes used a frail alibi to quit a match he was losing or walked out on a heckling audience these were only the instinctive reactions of an egotist who could not bear to finish second. He suffered from them later, because he is essentially a warmhearted person who is genuinely fond of people and covets their affection. Old-timers, among whom he has become increasingly popular through the years, have long since forgiven such incidents. Varipapa’s inability to take defeat graciously is his strength, and the sport is all the richer for it.

Asked the other day how long he thought he could continue rolling in championship events, Varipapa smiled his broad smile and said, “I will be the world’s greatest bowler until my son steps into my shoes.”

Frank Varipapa, 34, also is a participant here—the first father-and-son pair to compete for the championship in the same field. Rated one of the best on Long Island, Frank came through the New York eliminations in grand style. In future years he may win the All-Star and wear Andy’s mythical crown as well, for he is as proficient a bowler as his father was at 34. But he does not appear ready for the great man’s shoes yet. As in so many cases, the son seems destined to remain in the shadow as long as the father stands in the limelight.



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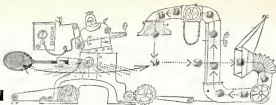
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# THE LIVELY ART OF DESTRUCTION



All winter long a group of dedicated men at Spalding work hard rigging up machines that are designed to wreck bats, balls, and even badminton birds

ONE sad fact about the life of the sporting goods you use is that most of them are made to be destroyed. That goes for baseballs and bats, footballs, golf balls, tennis balls and rackets, badminton birds and basketballs. All of which helps to explain why a group of serious-minded men in Chiopee, Mass. have been taxing their brains for years to raise the lively art of destruction to new heights of glory.

These dedicated destroyers work in the research laboratory of a big plant run by A. G. Spalding & Bros. Inc., and—slandorously nutty as this may make them sound—their lifework is to invent mechanical gizmos that will wreck sporting equipment as fast as possible. They claim it's the only way to learn how to make your sporting equipment sturdier and more durable when you play with it.

## THE WHACKING MACHINE

Consider the life and hard times of a tennis racket selected for experimental slaughter in the Chiopee lab. It is spirited from the factory and placed inside a cokeyed contrivance which they refer to, with a creator's pride, as The Whacking Machine.

Now The Whacking Machine—roughly speaking—looks something like a small drop forge nestled inside a large chicken coop. The handle of the doomed tennis racket is clamped into the viselike clutches of a robot tennis player. A switch is pulled. A roaring noise is heard. Chains whir. And tennis balls start to fall out of a gimmick above that resembles a piece of stove pipe—one every second. But grosses of tennis balls aren't needed for this operation; after one is smashed by the robot, it flies unerringly into a chute that carries it around to—and down through—the stovepipe again. To drop again and to be re-smashed.

This robot tennis player is geared up

to strike a service blow which would chase Tony Trabert off a court. It has a velocity nearly double that of the top-ranking players. And Rapid Robert Robot strikes this blow 60 times a minute so that the racket gets a full season's hard play in one hour. A routine test usually lasts four hours, or more than 15,000 service blows.

But if you think these lab boys are rough on a tennis racket, consider the way they give the weeks to a poor little ski that was just lying around in stock, minding its own business. The ski is clamped inside a contraption they invented and proudly named The Torture Tester. When the switch is thrown on The Torture Tester it starts to flex the ski, now clamped at each end, in such a way that it resembles a long snake, nailed head and tail to a board, and writhing in agony.

This writhing is made possible because The Torture Tester is cunningly contrived to flex the ski many inches above and below its normal camber, or bending ability. In one hour it is flexed 15,000 times. "Just to make sure it gets maximum brutal treatment," the lab men explain.

Baseballs and golf balls are not let off any easier. Plenty of fancy destruction has been dreamed up for them. The helpless baseball finds itself locked inside something called The Air Cannon. The cannon fires the ball into a steel stockade located in front of the cannon at an angle of 45°. It is shot with a force that never changes—and it is far more than the force behind the swish of a bat in the hands of, say, Ted Williams.

The golf ball is taken for a real ride too. It is put inside a driving machine on the factory proving grounds, outside. There it is blasted by a mechanically swung club. It takes off in flight at a speed of 156 mph and goes clean out of sight, to be found and picked up

later. The robot golfer always hits to the same place, for the same distance.

Another little surprise in store for the golf ball is a test of its cover's toughness. This is accomplished by a machine that the inventors named The Guillotine because that's exactly what it is, in miniature. Once The Guillotine descends, the lab men guarantee that the golf ball will ache in every dimple of its body.

They've worked out planned destruction for footballs and basketballs too. They use compressors which squeeze both until they burst, and at the same time register the exact number of pounds of pressure being exerted at the point of total collapse.

Not long ago a football, inflated to its normal 13 pounds, absorbed 24,500 pounds of pressure before it finally blew its bladder. A basketball was compressed to one half of its diameter, over and over again. After 10,000 such squeezes, it finally popped.

## A LONG WAY TO GO

Some of these daffy-looking inventions by the lab brain trust have actually taken many years to work out. The Whacking Machine, for instance, required a total of 10 years to become the practically peerless wrecker of tennis rackets that it is today. The Air Cannon has been five years abooming but the lab crew feels it's not quite the dreamboat of damage it will be someday. They are idealists, of course.

Thus, though the lively art of destruction has come a long way in Chiopee since the invention of the egg beater, it still has far to go. As one of these masters of mayhem said, with quiet determination, the day he watched a ski come out of The Torture Tester uncracked and unsplit: "Gentlemen, you know what this means—we have just begun to fight."

—DUANE DECKER

## RECORD BREAKERS

● **George Linn**, 20-year-old Alabama forward, took rebound off North Carolina backboard in final seconds of first half, tossed overhead shot through basket 84 feet 11 inches away for longest field goal on record, at Tuscaloosa, Ala. ● **Furman University** rolled up 164-67 victory over The Citadel for new national major college scoring standard. ● **Albert Wiggins**, Ohio State swimming star, won 120-yard individual medley in 1:07.7 in dual meet with Wisconsin at Madison, breaking old

U.S. record of 1:11, established by James Gaughran of Stanford in 1954. ● **Rich Hasley** of Evanston, Ill. high school swam 100-yard freestyle in 51.2 for new national interscholastic mark at Evanston. ● **Leo Lebel** of Lake Placid, N.Y., cleared 15 barrels for new world barrel-jumping record of 28 feet 7 inches in championships at Grossinger, N.Y.; **Aldrine Lebel**, his sister, retained women's title with record-breaking performance, leaping 18 feet 3 inches over eight barrels in same competition.

## BASKETBALL

**Georgia Tech**, beaten five times in first seven games, turned in stunning upset, edged heavily-favored Kentucky 59-58 on diminutive **Joe Helms'** back court steal, jump shot with 11 seconds to play. Tech victory was first Engineer win over Wildcats since 1949, ended Kentucky's 33-game winning streak and string of 129 home court triumphs. Cracked Tech's happy Coach John (Whack) Hyder: "We'll live on this one for a long time."

**St. Francis of Loretto, Pa.** surprised Duquesne 82-72 after Duke trimmed loaded **Pete Belvoir** 69-56. Led by classy **Maurice Stokes**, who scored 24 points, St. Francis took lead early in third quarter, was never headed. Duquesne's **Dick Ricketts**, sidelined for week with sprained ankle, returned to action, got 16 points in first half, then was held useless until taken out in final minutes. Duke also lost **St. Green**, game's top scorer with 36 points, and **Mickey Wingard** on fouls late in game.

**Richmond's Warren Mills** harassed eighth-ranked **George Washington** with ball-stealing tactics, dazzling floorwork, 33 points, led Spiders to 72-67 upset over Colonials. Richmond trailed 34-31 at half, took lead on Mills' jumpshots, stayed there despite scoring of **George Washington's** **Corky Derlin** and **Joe Holas**.

**North Carolina State** used tremendous height advantage, outscored Duke 96-91, moved into second place in AP poll. Fired by **Vic Molen** (33 points), giant Centers **Ron Shavlik** (28 points) and **Cliff Dwyer** (26 points), State ran up 18-point lead in first half, fought off Duke comeback led by **Rennie Mayer** and **Harold Turner**.

**Maryland** rolled to wins over South Carolina 68-51, Virginia 78-65, Clemson 71-63, increased winning streak to seven games, record to 10-2. **Bob Kessler** was offensive star for Terrapins.

**Louisville** came from behind, nipped Notre Dame 73-69 on four points by **Herb Harrah** in closing seconds. **Phil Reilins** topped Louisville scorers with 28. **Jack Stephens** was outstanding with 29 for Irish, who later trounced NYU 93-74.

**La Salle's** fourth-ranked team had little trouble subduing Brandeis 102-56 with regulars playing part time.

**Dartmouth** scored seven straight points near end of game, beat Villanova 69-52 after whipping Calibus 58-54.

**Illinois** romped to 99-73 win over Indiana in Big Ten opener after defending champions scored over Michigan 85-77.

**Minnesota** rebounded from 74-72 loss to Northwestern, nipped Iowa 81-69 on last-second foul shot by **Dave Tucker**.

**Missouri** upset fight for Big Seven title, controlled boards to win handily over

**Kansas** 76-65, racked up Nebraska 69-57 with second-half surge.

**UCLA** split pair of Pacific Coast Conference games with Stanford, losing first 61-56, winning 91-75 next night.

**Utah** returned to home territory, won easily over Denver 82-58, New Mexico 69-59 in Skyline Conference.

**San Francisco** outscored St. Mary's 51-37, ran season's record to 9-1 as **Jerry Muller** played star role.

**Boston Celtics** beat Philadelphia Warriors 117-105, Rochester Royals 98-92, moved within one-and-a-half games of league-leading Syracuse Nationals, who lost two out of three, in Eastern Division of National Basketball Association, N.Y. **Knickerbockers** broke even in four games, were third, half-game behind Celtics.

**Fl. Wayne Pistons** edged Minneapolis Lakers 93-92, 89-86, increased lead to seven and one half games in Western Division. Last-place **Minneapolis Hawks**, paced by high-scoring **Bob Pettit**, upset Ft. Wayne, won four out of six.

## FOOTBALL

**South** drove 76, 63 yards on ground in second half, defeated North 12-6 in Senior Bowl game at Mobile, Ala. **SMU's Frank Edom** and **Maryland's Dick Diehl** powered scoring drives after Ohio State's **Dave Leggett** sneaked across from one for North touchdowns in second quarter.

**U.S. College All-Stars** showed little regard for **Fred Otto Graham**, **Eloy Hirsch**, **Gordon Soltau**, **Lou Groza** in **Hawaii All-Star** line-up, ran over opposition 32-15 in Hula Bowl at Honolulu. **Paul Larson** of California, **Dirk Moegele** of Rice, **Prima Villanueva** of UCLA, **Bobby Watkins** of Ohio State scored for edgelings.

**Bowden Wyatt**, presented with Cadillac and \$20,000 "appreciation fund" for self and assistants by doling fans and salary in-

crease by grateful school after his Arkansas team won Southwest Conference title, left Razorbacks to accept head coaching post at Tennessee where he won fame as end in 1936-'38. Wyatt signed five-year contract at \$15,000 per year. This week Osceola, Ark. fans started new fund—"to buy Tennessee license plates for Wyatt's Cadillac."

## HORSE RACING

**Golden Abbey**, 5-year-old son of King's Abbey, stormed into lead in home stretch, raced to three-length victory in \$28,000 Santa Catalina Handicap for California-favored horses at Santa Anita, Arcadia, Calif. Favored **Correlation** finished fifth.

**Sammer Tan**, Mrs. Russell A. Firestone's bay colt who won rich Garden State to become leading 2-year-old money winner of 1954, was given top weight of 128 pounds for Experimental Free Handicap in ratings of 3-year-olds by **Frank E. (Jimmy) Kilroe**, successor to late John B. Campbell as Jockey Club handicapper. **William B. Woodward Jr.'s** **Nashua**, Belmont Futurity winner, was close second at 127 pounds. Other noteworthy ratings: **Royal Coinage** 124; **Blue Ruler** 123; **Royal Note** 122; **Flying Fury**, **Saratoga**, **Trentonian** 119; **Thinking Cap** 118; **Bunty's Babe**, **Grandpaw**, **High Voltage**, **Prince Noro**, **Pyreneas**, **Roman Patrol** 117; **Delia** and **Myrtle** 116.

## BOXING

**Sugar Ray Robinson**, reported in need of ready cash after 34-month career as song-and-dance man, fought five lackadaisical rounds, then opened up with brief burst of old form, knocked out much-beaten Joe Rildone of Boston in sixth round at Detroit. Satisfied with performance in first comeback effort, **Sugar Ray** agreed to meet **Ralph (Tiger) Jones** Jan. 19 in nationally-telvised 10-rounder at Chicago Stadium, set sights on ultimate fight with Middleweight Champion **Bobo Olson**.

**Floyd Patterson** of Brooklyn, N.Y., quiet-handed No. 4 light heavyweight, battered Middleweight **Willie Troy** with bruising combinations, won by TKO at end of fifth round at New York.

**Kid Gavilan**, mambo-dancing ex-welterweight champion who lost title to **Johnny Saxton** in weird Philadelphia fight (51, Nov. 1), ditched Manager **Angel Lopez** for Cuban Banker **Jamir Chade**, who said he will purchase Gavilan's contract from Lopez, later to get small cut of Kid's ring earnings until 1957. Gavilan also reached agreement with **IBC**, waived claim to return bout with Saxton, got guarantee of shot at winner of proposed **Saxton-Carmen Basilio** title fight, signed to meet **Ernie Durando** Feb. 4 in Madison Square Garden.

continued on next page

## BASKETBALL'S TOP TEN

(Victory of the Associated Press writers' poll)  
Team standings this week, with points figured on a 35 9 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 basis (first-place value in parentheses)

	Points
1—Kentucky (32)	895
2—North Carolina State (22)	743
3—Duquesne (13)	647
4—La Salle (15)	602
5—San Francisco (8)	512
6—Minnesota (13)	396
7—Illinois (2)	283
8—George Washington	238
9—Utah	219
10—UCLA	219

Advances-up: 11, Maryland 196; 15, Dartmouth 13; 15, Richmond 10; 14, Minnesota 13; 14, 15, Niagara 15.



# COMING EVENTS

● TV ● RADIO NETWORK: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

January 14 through 23

## FRIDAY, JANUARY 14

### Basketball

(Leading college games)  
UCLA vs. S. California, Los Angeles  
Utah vs. Utah St., Salt Lake City, (Professional)

Fl. Wayne vs. New York, 7:15 p.m.; Boston vs. Minneapolis, 9:15 p.m.; Boston Milwaukee vs. Philadelphia, Milwaukee.

### Bowling

Men's & women's nat'l individual match game championships begin, Chicago

### Boxing

● Dado Loi vs. Glen Flanagan, lightweights, Miami  
● Basch Audé (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

### Golf

Big Crosby \$10,000 Pro Amateur, Cypress Pt., Monterey Peninsula Pebble Beach clubs, Calif.

### Hockey

Chicago vs. New York, Chicago

### Motorboating

Nyff Motor Boat Show opens, Kingsbridge Armory, N.Y.

## SATURDAY, JANUARY 15

### Bowling

Ohio State Closed, Moravia C.C., Dayton, O.  
#1 Invitation Doubles, Providence, R.I.

### Basketball

(Leading college games)  
Columbia vs. Cornell, New York  
Duke vs. Virginia, Durham, N.C.  
Fordham vs. Duquesne, New York  
Geo. Washington vs. Maryland, Wash. D.C.  
La Salle vs. Lebanon Valley, St. Joseph's vs. Furman, Convention Hall, Philadelphia  
N. Carolina St. vs. Wake Forest, Raleigh, N.C.  
● Ohio St. vs. Illinois, Columbus D., 3 p.m. (CBS)  
● Tulane vs. Kentucky, New Orleans  
UCLA vs. S. California, Los Angeles  
Utah vs. Montana, Salt Lake City (Professional)

● Milwaukee vs. Philadelphia, Milwaukee, 3 p.m. (NBC)

● New York vs. Ft. Wayne, New York, 9 p.m. (Mutual)  
● Rochester vs. Minneapolis, Rochester, N.Y. =

### Boxing

● Italo Scorticchi vs. Joe Nicali, middleweights, Dinner Key Aud., Miami (10 rds.), 9 p.m. (ABC)

### Fishing

Silver Sailfish Derby, Palm Beach, Fla.

### Golf

Sea Island Ladies' Invitational, Sea Island, Ga.

### Hockey

Montreal vs. Detroit, Montreal  
Toronto vs. Boston, Toronto

### Horse Racing

Tropical Handicap, \$35,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Tropical Pk., Coral Gables, Fla.  
San Fernando Stakes, \$25,000, 1 1/8 m., 4-yr.-olds, Santa Anita, Arcadia, Calif.

### Ice Skating

Eastern Olympic Speed Skating trials, Grossinger, N.Y.  
New England championships, Gifford, N.H.

### Track & Field

Knight of Columbus meet, Boston Garden.

## SUNDAY, JANUARY 16

### Auto Racing

Argentina Gran Premio, Buenos Aires.

### Basketball

Boston vs. New York, Boston.  
Fl. Wayne vs. Milwaukee, Ft. Wayne  
Minneapolis vs. Philadelphia, Minneapolis.  
Syracuse vs. Rochester, Syracuse, N.Y.

### Football

Pro Bowl Game, East vs. West, Los Angeles

### Hockey

Boston vs. Montreal, Boston  
Chicago vs. Toronto, Chicago  
Detroit vs. New York, Detroit

### Track & Field

Amarca Miracle Mile race, Los Angeles

## MONDAY, JANUARY 17

### Basketball

(Leading college games)  
Indiana vs. Michigan St. Bloomington, Ind.  
Iowa vs. Illinois, Iowa City, Ia.  
LSU vs. Kentucky, Baton Rouge, La.

### Boxing

● Moses Ward vs. Nelo Savaga, middleweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont)  
● Floyd Patterson vs. Don Grant, light heavyweights, Eastern Play., Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC)  
Sandy Saddler vs. Lolo Peraz, featherweights (nonstop), Boston Garden (10 rds.)  
Earl Walls vs. Jimmy Stude, heavyweights, Toronto (10 rds.)

### Horse Racing

Imperial Handicap, \$15,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Hialeah Pk., Fla.

## TUESDAY, JANUARY 18

### Basketball

(Leading college games)  
Oswego vs. Yale, Newover, N.H.  
N. Carolina St. vs. N. Carolina, Raleigh, N.C. (Professional)  
● NBA All-Star game, East vs. West, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y., 9:15 p.m. (Mutual)

### Golf

U.S. vs. Canada, Hopkins Trophy Matches, La Jolla C.C., San Diego, Calif.

## WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19

### Basketball

(Leading college games)  
Oeyon vs. W. Kentucky St., Oeyon, O.  
Duquesne vs. Andrews AFB, Pittsburgh.  
Missouri vs. Kansas St., Columbia, Mo. (Professional)  
Fl. Wayne vs. Boston, Amherst, Mass.  
Minneapolis vs. Milwaukee, New Orleans.  
New York vs. Rochester, Syracuse vs. Philadelphia, Hershey, Pa.

### Boxing

● Sugar Ray Robinson vs. Ralph (Tiger) Jones, middleweights, Chicago Stadium (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (CBS)

### Hockey

● New York vs. Detroit, New York, 9:15 p.m. (Mutual)  
Toronto vs. Chicago, Toronto

### Horse Racing

San Vicente Stakes, \$20,000, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds, Santa Anita, Arcadia, Calif.

## THURSDAY, JANUARY 20

### Basketball

Minneapolis vs. Milwaukee, Skirvapor, La.  
Syracuse vs. Boston, Syracuse, N.Y.

### Golf

Comair-San Diego Open, Mission Valley C.C., San Diego, Calif. Gene Lottler to defend title.  
Sir. Invitational, Sea Island, Ga.

### Hockey

Boston vs. Detroit, Boston  
Montreal vs. Toronto, Montreal.

## FRIDAY, JANUARY 21

### Basketball

(Leading college games)  
Louisville vs. Dayton, Louisville, Ky.  
Penn vs. Army, Villanova vs. Murray St., Philadelphia  
Wyoming vs. Utah, Laramie, Wyo. (Professional)  
Boston vs. Philadelphia, New Haven, Conn.  
Minneapolis vs. Milwaukee, Baton Rouge, La.

### Boxing

● Carman Bascho vs. Peter Mueller, middleweights,  
● County War Memorial, Syracuse, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

### Tennis

Orlando Optimist Jr. & boys invitation, Orlando, Fla.  
Australas Championships begin, Adelaide

### Track & Field

Philadelphia Inquirer Games, Philadelphia.

## SATURDAY, JANUARY 22

### Bowling

Illion State Open, Evanston, Ill.

### Basketball

(Leading college games)  
Colorado A&M vs. Utah, Ft. Collins, Colo.  
Duquesne vs. St. Bonaventure, Carleton vs. Siena, Marist Andri., Buffalo, N.Y.  
● Carolina St. vs. La Salle, Raleigh, N.C.  
● W. Indiana vs. Iowa, Evanston, Ill., 3 p.m. (CBS)  
● Temple vs. Muhlenberg, Convocation Hall, Philadelphia, 7:30 p.m. (Mutual)  
Salem Hall vs. Villanova, Penn vs. Yale, Paolstra, Philadelphia  
Tennessee vs. Kentucky, Knoxville, Tenn. (Professional)  
● Milwaukee vs. Ft. Wayne, Milwaukee  
● New York vs. Philadelphia, New York, 3 p.m. (NBC)  
Rochester vs. Boston, Rochester, N.Y.

### Behlsladding

World championships, St. Moritz, Switzerland.

### Hockey

Boston vs. New York, Boston  
Montreal vs. Chicago, Montreal  
Toronto vs. Detroit, Toronto.

### Horse Racing

San Marcos Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m. (turf), 4-yr.-olds up, Santa Anita, Arcadia, Calif.  
Santa Maria Handicap, \$25,000, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Hiles & mares, Santa Anita, Arcadia, Calif.  
Hibiscus Stakes, \$15,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, colts and geldings, Hialeah Pk., Fla.

### Ice Skating

Midwest Open championships, Belle Isle, Mich.

### Track & Field

Washington Star meet, Washington, D.C.

## SUNDAY, JANUARY 23

### Basketball

Boston vs. Philadelphia, Boston  
Fl. Wayne vs. Rochester, Ft. Wayne, Ind.  
Minneapolis vs. Milwaukee, Minneapolis  
Syracuse vs. New York, Syracuse, N.Y.

### Hockey

Boston vs. New York, Boston  
Chicago vs. Montreal, Chicago  
Detroit vs. Toronto, Detroit.

### NUMERICAL EXPERIMENT RESULTS OF STUDY

**NEW ENGLAND:** NORTH CONWAY, N.H.:  
Hutings here were fair, with 1-2 GR on 7-10  
HB. Crows have been good, with moderate  
winter flocks.





## EXERCISE TO KEEP FIT

Last August, SI published an account of Prof. Thomas K. Cureton's training tips to athletes. Herewith his conditioning program for men in middle age

by WILLIAM H. WHITE

THE human body," says Professor Thomas K. Cureton, "is the only machine that breaks down when not used. Moreover, it's also the only mechanism that functions better—and more healthily—the more it is put to use."

Dr. Cureton has long been working on this thesis in his Physical Fitness Research Laboratory at the University of Illinois where, for the past 10 years, he has tested and analyzed the physical condition of 20,000 men and women and has put 600 middle-aged men through his conditioning program. From this study Dr. Cureton is convinced that, although a man may grow older in years, "the major physical ailments of aging—chronic fatigue, headaches, shortness of breath, digestive upset, overweight, some forms of heart and circulatory trouble, in short, middle-age sag—can be avoided completely or postponed for as much as 15 years by a daily program of body conditioning and active recreation."

Once the sedentary man passes 30, he begins to take a physical nose dive. Thousands of microscopic blood vessels that carry oxygen and nutrients to the muscles, lungs, heart and other organs slowly fall into disuse. "The key to turning back the clock on physical aging," says Dr. Cureton, "is to force open and use these blood vessels." The method: regular, rhythmic exercises to raise the metabolism, strengthen the heart, keep a high volume of blood flowing and create a demand by the muscles for more oxygen and nutrients.

This cannot be accomplished by just any type of exercise. For example, Dr. Cureton maintains that it is useless to expect that genuine physical fitness can be obtained from passive methods such as massage and heat treatment, or from a few mild exercises done over and over. To put the body into condition and keep it fit it must be challenged a little more each time with active, endurance-building exertion.

Dr. Cureton's program is tailored to

fit the individual's needs, but in principle it consists of two parts: 1) rhythmic warm-up of the body's major muscle groups for 30 minutes to flush the deep tissues with blood, combined with forceful breathing to gradually build up respiration, and 2) another half hour devoted to running or some sport to develop stamina and increase the efficiency of the cardiovascular system. Of all the sports, Dr. Cureton finds that swimming improves the lungs and heart the most. The easy, rhythmic movements of swimming are the best stimulants to an active flow of blood. The body is buoyed up so that there is almost no weight and the water itself tones up the body generally.

"It's never too late to begin getting into shape," Dr. Cureton says, "but it does take daily, sometimes painful, perseverance. After all, you can't expect in a week's time to make over a body that took years to wreck."

Turn page for conditioning program

# CURETON'S PROGRAM OF DAILY RHYTHMIC

## BODY SEGMENT AND PRINCIPAL MUSCLE GROUPS USED

## EASY EXERCISES FOR FIRST MONTH



**NECK, SHOULDERS, UPPER  
BACK AND CHEST**

**NECK AND SHOULDER RE-  
TRACTORS, ARM ELEVATORS  
AND CHEST ELEVATORS**



Standing, arms extended along sides, flex arms to chest. Rhythmically swing arms down, forward, and upward over head, as far back as possible. With upward motion, take a deep breath, fill lungs with air and stretch chest.



**BACK REGION, BUTTOCKS  
AND UPPER LEGS**

**HAMSTRINGS, GLUTEI AND  
SACROSPINALIS**



Lying on stomach with hands tucked under the thighs and with back arched, chest and head up, flutter-kick continuously, moving the legs 8 to 10 inches apart. Kick from the hips with a slight bend in the knees.



**ABDOMINAL REGION**

**THIGH FLEXORS, QUADRI-  
CEPS AND ABDOMINALS**



Two exercises: 1) Kneeling on both hands and knees, inhale a deep, full breath, then suck in abdomen toward the spine—hold for a few seconds. 2) Sitting, alternately raise right and left knees toward the chest.



**WAIST AND SIDES OF THE  
BODY**

**LATERAL MUSCLES OF THE  
TRUNK AND LEGS**



Lying full length, right side of the body on the floor, whip left leg up and down in rapid motion 12 inches off floor 50 times. Repeat exercise with left side of body down, raising right leg off floor 50 times.



**HANDS, ARMS AND SHOUL-  
DERS**

**ARM EXTENSORS AND FLEX-  
ORS AND ENTIRE SHOULDER  
GIRDLE**



Two exercises: 1) Lying on back, grasp one knee and while resisting with hip muscle, pull knee toward chest. Repeat exercise with other knee. 2) With chest down, resting on both hands, do full-length push-ups up to 10 times.



**FEET, LEGS AND ANKLES**

**ARCH SUPPORTERS, FOOT  
SUPINATORS, FOOT EXTEN-  
SORS, LEG EXTENSORS AND  
THIGH EXTENSORS**



Three exercises: 1) Walk in circle on outside edges of feet. 2) Facing wall, lean forward, hands on wall, and push up and down on toes. 3) In extended push-up position, feet pointed in, bounce body weight on ankles to stretch joints.

















**CIRCULATORY AND RESPIRA-  
TORY ENDURANCE**

**ARMS, LEGS, TORSO AND  
HEART, BLOOD VESSELS AND  
LUNGS**



Walk one mile each day, taking long strides and deep breaths. Or swim, cycle, row, bowl, skate, ski, dance, play handball, golf or any other activity to use the various muscle groups, increase efficiency and develop endurance.

# EXERCISES FOR BODY CONDITIONING

MODERATE EXERCISES FOR SECOND MONTH	HARD EXERCISES FOR THIRD MONTH AND LATER	ALLOTTED TIME
 <p>Standing, swing both arms across the front of the body in full arm circles. Rhythmically rise on the balls of the feet with each upward movement of the arms, taking regular full, deep breaths.</p>	 <p>Standing with legs wide apart, alternately cross over arms, touching hand as far as possible to the floor outside of foot. Whip arm back overhead, fast and hard. While doing exercise, suck in and blow out air forcefully.</p>	<p>Perform each set of exercises for 5 minutes, breathing deeply. Rest, take 10 full breaths, then start exercises for next muscle group.</p>
 <p>Two exercises: 1) Back toward floor, supporting body on hands and heels, whip midsection of body up and down in rapid movement. 2) Lying on stomach with hands behind the neck, arch body, raising chest and legs off the floor 15 times.</p>	 <p>Lying on stomach with hands behind neck, exercise in four counts: a) arch back, legs and chest off floor; b) extend arms fully forward; c) return hands to neck; d) flatten body to floor and relax one second. Repeat exercise 15 times.</p>	<p>Perform each set of exercises for 5 minutes, breathing deeply. Rest, take 10 full breaths, then start exercises for next muscle group.</p>
 <p>Two exercises: 1) Lying on back, raise and hold both legs 4 to 5 inches off the floor. Vigorously slap the abdominal region but continue to breathe. 2) Sitting, tuck both knees toward chest, then thrust legs out straight 20 times.</p>	 <p>Two exercises lying on back: 1) Raise legs to vertical position, then slowly lower them to the floor 20 times. 2) In four counts, a) raise legs 18 inches; b) spread legs apart; c) return legs together; d) lower legs to floor. 20 times.</p>	<p>Perform each set of exercises for 5 minutes, breathing deeply. Rest, take 10 full breaths, then start exercises for next muscle group.</p>
 <p>Lying full length, right side of the body on the floor, whip left leg up and down in rapid motion as high as possible off the floor 30 times. Repeat exercise with left side down, raising right leg off floor 30 times.</p>	 <p>With right side of body down, rigidly supported off floor by extended right arm and foot, raise left leg up to horizontal and down 30 times. Repeat exercise with left side of body down, raising right leg off floor 30 times.</p>	<p>Perform each set of exercises for 5 minutes, breathing deeply. Rest, take 10 full breaths, then start exercises for next muscle group.</p>
 <p>Two exercises: 1) Chest down, resting on both hands, do full-length push-ups up to 20 times. 2) Chin the bar, lifting body weight off the floor, 10 times.</p>	 <p>Two exercises: 1) Chest down, resting on both hands, do full-length push-ups 20 times or more. 2) Chin the bar, lifting body weight off the floor, 12 times or more.</p>	<p>Perform each set of exercises for 5 minutes, breathing deeply. Rest, take 10 full breaths, then start exercises for next muscle group.</p>
 <p>Hop on both feet up to 100 times; change to straddle hop, up to 100 times; change to alternate stride hop, up to 100 times; hop on right foot 25 times; hop on left foot 25 times.</p>	 <p>Hop on both feet 200 times; change to straddle hop, 200 times; change to alternate stride hop, 200 times; hop on each foot 50 times; do up to 50 full-squat jumps, touching fingers to floor each time and springing 4 inches to upright position.</p>	<p>Perform each set of exercises for 5 minutes, breathing deeply. Rest, take 10 full breaths, then start exercises for next muscle group.</p>
 <p>Walk-jog-walk-run-walk 2 miles each day. Or swim, cycle, row, bowl, skate, ski, dance, play handball, golf or any other activity which puts various muscles of the body to test, increases agility and develops greater endurance.</p>	 <p>Walk a mile, run a mile, walk 1/4 mile, sprint 200 yards and walk 1/2 mile each day; breathe deeply, stretch chest. Or, to develop maximum motor ability and endurance, strenuously engage in an activity described at left.</p>	<p>Do above exercises for 30 minutes to warm up specific muscles. For endurance, add exercises, swimming or game (left) for 30 minutes.</p>

## BUT WHERE IS . . .

Sirs:

I enjoyed reading your article entitled 1954 and Its Sportsman: Roger Banister and think that your choice of Roger Banister as SI's first Sportsman of the Year was a good one, but I do think your two-page salute to the other '54 top sport personalities lacks a few names many of us had expected to be recognized by SI.

Wisconsin's Alan Ameche, the Iron Horse, who wound up his four-year college career by setting a new NCAA ground-gaining record, who also was placed on every major All-America eleven, plus being awarded the Heisman and Collier Trophies as the outstanding college player in 1954, was the one athlete who, without a doubt, should have been given recognition. Coach Paul Brown, of the world football champions, the Cleveland Browns, should have been given recognition since he is the pro coach of the year. The same can be said of Woody Hayes, coach of the national champions, the Buckeyes of Ohio State. The name of Leo Durocher, manager of the New York Giants, was also, for some reason, not mentioned. What must a person do to gain national recognition by your magazine?

I do however, realize that it is quite impossible to name a "dream list" of the top athletes, that is, a list that everyone would agree with.

BOB KOOLS

Milwaukee, Wis.

## YOU NEGLECTED . . .

Sirs:

. . . In your wonderful photo of all the sports champions of the year you neglected to show G. Diehl Mater Jr.—National Squash Champion.

CLINTON L. MELLOR

Haverford, Pa.

## AND WHAT HAPPENED . . .

Sirs:

. . . What happened to college and pro basketball champions?

BRIAN B. JACOBUS

Metuchen, N.J.

• This being 1954 we limited ourselves to 54 outstanding athletes. During '54 SI reported, in pictures or text, on sports headlines Ameche (Nov. 29, 1; Oct. 25, 18; Sept. 20, 13), Brown (Jan. 3; Nov. 15), Hayes (Jan. 10; Dec. 27, 13; Nov. 29, 1), Durocher (Nov. 8; Oct. 11, 4; Sept. 27, 13; Aug. 30, 23, 16), Gola (Dec. 27, 13) and pro basketball (Dec. 6). For news concerning Squash Champion Mater see THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT. SI will run (Feb. 28) a color spectacle on the Lakers-Knickerbockers game.—ED.

## ONE MAN'S WELCOME OPINION

Sirs:

About this time of year, most sports fanatics pick a sportsman of the year. So,

being a sports fanatic, I have picked mine. It took quite a while to arrive at my decision; I had to think who had done more for sports in 1954 than anyone else—Leo Durocher who won the baseball World's Championship; Rocky Marciano, who did quite a bit for boxing; and "Hopalong" Cassidy who led his team to the mythical football championship. But I thought the word sports included more than baseball, football or boxing, and so I arrived at my decision. My sportsman of the year has done more for the sports world than anyone else in 1954.

If you look in the sports records of 1954 you won't find his name, you probably will never see his picture on the sports page of a newspaper, but he has made the greatest contribution to sports ever. My sportsman rates second to none. Your selection of your sportsman of 1954 is one man's opinion; mine isn't—500,000 people can't be wrong. My sportsman of 1954 is SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

JIMMY MATHERLY

Blacksburg, Va.

• We accept the Matherly Award with modest pleasure.—ED.

## HE WAS GREAT

Sirs:

I'd like to thank you for your farewell story on Otto Graham (SI, Jan. 3). He has really been great.

I have been a Cleveland Brown fan for more than five years now, but I have not seen pictures of the players and therefore do not know them well. There was a picture of the Cleveland Browns whooping it up after the win over the Lions. I would really appreciate it if you would give the names of these players.

MARLIN WERTMAN

Muncy, Pa.

P.S. SI is great.



• The players are: 1-Darrell Brewster, end. 2-Carlton Massey, end. 3-Mike McCormack, guard. 4-Horace Gillom, end. 5-John Sandusky, tackle. 6-Paul Brown, coach. 7-Den Cole, tackle. 8-Abe Gihron, guard. 9-Kenny Konz, halfback. 10-Maurice

Bassett, fullback. 11-Dante Lavelli, end. 12-Lou Groza, tackle. 13-Billy Reynolds, halfback. 14-Harold Bradley, guard. 15-Otto Graham, quarterback. 16-Chuck Noll, guard.—ED.

## THEY WERE THE BEST

Sirs:

In my opinion SI is the best sports magazine I have ever stuck my nose into, and, believe me, I have read almost every one printed.

I enjoyed and used your complete pre-coverage of the Bowl games. They were the best I have ever seen in any magazine or newspaper.

STEPHEN JACKSON

St. Marys, Pa.

## ADULT EDUCATION

Sirs:

After carefully reading SI, my brother and I picked winners for the Bowl games; but our mother and dad picked other teams. The results were certainly amazing. My brother and I picked all the Bowl winners and the East-West game. Our parents lost.

Don't you think we did a good job in picking all the winners?

I am 11 years old and my brother is 8 years old.

DAVID AND RICHARD BRODSKY

Providence, R.I.

• Our 43-year-old Herman Hickman feels pretty good about his selections too.—ED.

## OUR HOUSE

Sirs:

SI IS A FAVORITE AT OUR HOUSE, ESPECIALLY WITH EDDIE JUNIOR. ALL OF US ENJOY THE MAGAZINE AND THAT GOES FOR MRS. EDELLATE TOO. THAT SERIES OF ARTICLES ON THE ARMY-NAVY FOOTBALL GAME WAS A FIP.

EDDIE EDELLATE

NAVY FOOTBALL COACH

ANNAPOLIS

## GUTS AND DESIRE

Sirs:

Having watched delightedly your swift progress to a secure place in the American sports scene, I have held back from compliments with the thought, "If they come through with something on beagle field trials, I'll admit it's a really thorough sports coverage they're giving us." Now you've done it, and an honorable "Field Champion" title to you for a good and concise job.

One aspect, and an important one, overlooked was mention of the many pack trials held in "knowhow" bare country. In the overall field trial picture these far outbender and overshadow in effect the "private" pack trials described by Mr. Wells.

In these, the entry is by individual owners, totaling often 30 or 40 hounds never

run together before. To come out a winner, a board must display teamwork and individual ability, plus guts and desire for three solid hours. A problem faced by the AKC is the argument over award of championship points between these trials and the larger brace stakes. In the latter, careful-working hounds have little time to demonstrate searching ability and endurance, while in the former over-competitive spirit sometimes leads to frowned-on tricks to beat out the others.

Actually, what we beggars all want is a hound careful and honest in his work, plus all-day endurance and "drive," plus the ideal type of a show dog! Hope I get one some time!

DAVID S. CASSEY

Woodville, N.H.

#### WE REALIZE THEIR GREATNESS

Sirs:

Thanks for the fine article about Vic Seizan and Tony Trabert in the article, *The Cup Comes Home* (SI, Jan. 3). Any tennis fan can realize the greatness of those two players.

Also I would like to say I enjoy SI better every issue and am prouder than ever to be a charter subscriber.

Thanks for a wonderful magazine.

BILL STEWART JR.

Hartelle, Ala.

#### MISTER AVERAGE

Sirs:

As a charter member of your magazine I put down that first issue with a feeling that I was cheated. I was awed by your spectacular pictures to be sure ... but something seemed to be wrong. Today, now that many an issue has passed by my gaze, a pattern has evolved. My opinion as to what is wrong with SI: Where am I? WHERE IS MISTER AVERAGE SPORTSMAN???

Isn't it apparent from where you sit that the average man would rather see HIMSELF in the magazine than some nobility or Mister Rich at play in his hundred-thousand-dollar plaything? All I have been fed since I bought your magazine was a diet of boat hunts, European pheasant shoots, fancy animal shows and the like ... Let us get down to the basic sports of America ... Where is the hunter who picks up his single twelve and goes out with his mongrel bound to get a few rabbits (they keep telling me more shells are shot at rabbits than at any other game in America)? So far this magazine has avoided this rodent like the plague ... Where is the fisherman with the cane pole, the bass fisherman with his casting rod, the down-to-earth kind of guy we meet every day afield? So far, I have not seen anything in your magazine that would fit into this mold. What are the editors trying to create? A *FORUM* magazine for the sportsman set?

Today we are fed a diet of skiing articles, but here in Michigan beside the small handful of young people who visit the ski resorts we have thousands of others who hunt for cottontails, many more are up north hunting the snowshoe hare and some are running dogs after bobcat. On the lakes we have THOUSANDS of fishermen after bluegills, perch and pike ... But what do we get from SI? A *Holiday*-type of article on the ski centers of the Continent.

All in all, this magazine has ended up the way I expected, a kind of mixture of the magazines *Esq.*, *Roadkill*, with a little bit of *Holiday* thrown in. As for outdoor sports, oh, you will find those in the back pages between the ads. ...

Will I see SI in 1966 at the barbershop or will I have to go to the exclusive country club? It's in your hands ... Or will it be that in 1966 it will be just another one of the many sport magazines that went broke because it forgot MISTER AVERAGE MAN?

"AVERAGE READER"

Kalamazoo, Mich.

● Time will tell.—ED.

#### THE ONLY ONE

Sirs:

SPORTING LOOK, Dec. 29, *Strimmer Swimmers*, was beautifully photographed. Your readers might be interested to know that the swimming pool where these pictures were taken is the only one of its kind in the world. It is designed in the shape of a leaf, the stem connecting with an indoor swimming pool. The diving boards are of glass and the supports are hydraulically operated. The underground photography room looks at all parts of the pool with the window at water level and below.

It is owned by Mr. Philip Hiley, pioneer designer and builder of swimming pools and swimming pool equipment, so every new gadget and device is first tested on this pool.

J. F. HOWARD

Los Angeles



HILEY'S SWIMMING HOLE

#### ARIZONA QUAIL AND TEXAS LOUIS

Sirs:

Since SI and I share the same birthday I thought I'd like to suggest an item for its *Future Book*.

Quail shooting in the Arizona desert can be as colorful and exciting as you might care to make it. The desert growth and beautiful scenery are immensely intriguing and quail shooting calls for an acrobatic gunner who can point his gun both fast and straight.

When those lush little blue bombers break from cover they are a target for just a few seconds.

And as a gourmet's delight, no meat (wild or domestic) can equal a properly prepared quail dinner.

This is truly a sport you can enjoy—"having and eat it too."

The accompanying picture was taken

by my wife just a 30-minute drive from Phoenix.

J. L. MEYERS

Idaho Falls, Ida.

P.S. How silly that archaic lout from Texas can be made to look who refers to "grown men who sneak up in the forest to 'laughter a covey of quail'" (19th HOLZ, Dec. 6).



GOURMET-GUNNER MEYERS

#### TO EVERY MAN OR WOMAN

Sirs:

Mr. Richard Irwin's suggestion in 19th HOLZ, Dec. 27 to help the Olympic Team Fund is an excellent one and I enclose my check for one dollar.

Now—we'll need a lot more money so here's a suggestion: Every man or woman who has ever run or played on a school, college, athlete's club or other track team—send in one dollar.

JIM WULF

Binghamton, N.Y.

#### WE MUST

Sirs:

We must get our Olympic teams there if only "to get clobbered."

I'm proud to be able to contribute something and I'll try to send more.

ANONYMOUS

Philadelphia

P.S. SI is terrific.

#### THE RUSSIAN ANGLE

Sirs:

I am a charter subscriber to SI and have enjoyed every word of every issue. I have been especially interested in the Russian angle in the Olympics. When I read "No Passage to Moscow" (SOUNDTRACK, Dec. 27), I was amazed at the lack of interest American fans have in international competition. After reading your article I was very enthused, as I imagine many others were. I would be very happy to know the place that contributions should be sent.

TIM COHLER

Highland Park, Ill.

● We suggest that all contributions be sent to the Olympic Team Fund, 540 Michigan Ave., Chicago, which reports the receipt of over \$2,000 as a result of appeals published in SI. Readers who wish to further a particular sport should

name their choice along with their contribution.—ED.

#### RIGHT:

Sirs:  
Hartford squash racquet players, as well as those in Detroit, will recognize Joe Hahn, former National Senior Champion, and his brother Eddie, former National Singles Champion, in PAT ON THE BACK, Jan. 3, not Jim Standsch and Ben Warren. Right!

CHARLES E. BRAINARD  
West Hartford, Conn.

● We erred. Herewith, the pictures of all four champions and a "Pat on the Back" to each.—ED.



JIM STANDSCH



BEN WARREN



JOE HAHN



EDDIE HAHN

#### COOLING HIS BACKSIDE

Sirs:  
Surprising Deer Hunt (SI, Dec. 13) is no misnomer, but cutting off a shirttail because a hunter did what he was supposed to do is a surprise.

For many years in this country, a hunter loses his shirttail when he shoots at a deer and fails to kill it. Not only does he then lose his shirttail, ruining a good shirt and cooling his backside, but the tail is hung on the camp walls for all to see his ignominy in years to come. It is a playful reverse of honor to lose one's shirttail.

Further, that hunter should always wear that tailless shirt when hunting until he does kill a deer. And if the tail is cut off above the waistline it could be inconvenient and uncomfortable. No, my shirttail has not yet adorned a camp wall.

ROBERT M. KURTZ  
Clearfield, Pa.

● Tailless Hunter Uhlmann shot his way into a local custom. Most hunters follow Reader Kurtz's tribal way.—ED.

#### POWER OF POSITIVE LIFTING

Sirs:  
I enjoyed Ezra Bowen's *Think and Lift* story (SI, Dec. 30) on Schemansky and Kono, two weight-lifting champions who believe in positive thinking to obtain their weight-lifting achievements. On Sunday, Dec. 26, in the Marble Collegiate Church

of New York City, I was delighted to find that another great champion of positive thinking, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, started his sermon, *Look Ahead with Assurance*, with these words:

"There is a new magazine, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, that has in this week's issue a story on the use of prayer employed by Norbert Schemansky, who can lift more pounds over his head than any other human being. . . ."

After telling how Schemansky accomplished this feat through the power of great concentration, Dr. Peale went on to say that he realized that SI was going to be a great source of information for his sermons in the future.

I know that by this time SI has appeared in many fields of endeavor, but I'm sure that you'll be interested in knowing that Dr. Peale had included this fine article as a part of his great Christmas Sunday sermon.

May I congratulate you on your positive thinking—your ability to give to the public the desired information on the numerous sports we have in America through your varied and interesting stories.

GENE J. FYLE  
New York

#### FRED'S MEMORY

Sirs:  
Thanks to Ernest Havemann for his article about Fred Miller (SI, Dec. 27). Fred's memory will always live in the hearts of all Milwaukeeans. We're all deeply grateful for the many wonderful things he's done in the world of sports. We'll miss him.

REGINALD L. BECKER  
FPO New York

#### MAIS OUI

Messieurs:  
Desirant depuis longtemps m'honorer à un journal sportif d'Amérique, je viens d'apprendre par un missionnaire américain à Léopoldville que vous éditez maintenant un journal sportif intitulé *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

Je vous enrai gré de bien vouloir me faire connaître la valeur d'un abonnement annuel à votre magazine *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* et si possible me faire parvenir un exemplaire libre de ce journal par voie de mer.

Je vous en remercie vivement à l'avance et vous prie d'agréer, Messieurs, mes salutations distinguées.

MALUNGA-SIMON  
Léopoldville, Congo Belge

● SI, Jan. 17 should be steaming up the Congo Jan. 31 on its way to sports enthusiast Malunga-Simon, who was converted to SI by an American missionary in Léopoldville.—ED.

#### OLYMPICS: FOUNDER'S PHILOSOPHY

Sirs:

I was very much impressed by your editorial on "The Concept of Sport" (SPORTS TRACK, Dec. 27). It is an extremely rare event and a most gratifying experience when one finds a magazine discussing the philosophy of athletic competition in such a manner as you have.

The International Olympic Committee has not been, and probably never will be, able to stop the sportswriters and sports fans of the competing nations from constructing point systems to determine "team standing. . . ." Although it is probably more a case of wanting to be "top dog" than of international politics, the United States is certainly among the most guilty of the nations giving undue amounts of emphasis and publicity to this unsanctioned phase of Olympic competition.

. . . I, for one, go along with Founder de Coubertin's philosophy of individual competition and believe that the Olympic Committee should do all in its power to discourage the concept of team competition. . . .

What has irritated me even more in the current "Beat-Russia-in-the-Olympics" campaign that is going on in our country. It is being supported by many sections of our citizenry and, if newspaper and magazine quotes are correct, even our American Olympic officials.

It appears to me to be quite necessary for the participating nations and the International Olympic Committee to reevaluate the purpose of the Olympic Games before any more are held. If team standings are desired, I would recommend that the committee adopt an official scoring system and put an end to the existing hypocrisy.

HOWARD G. KNUTTGEN  
Instructor in Physical Education  
Ohio State University  
Columbus, O.





Handball by Biju Shah. Collection of the Museum of Modern Art.

**"It may be said that there are things of more importance than striking a ball against the wall – there are things indeed which make more noise and do as little good, such as making war and peace, making speeches and answering them, making verses and blotting them; making money and throwing it away. But the game of fives is what no one despises who has ever played it... He has no other wish, no other thought, from the moment the game begins, but that of striking the ball, of placing it, of making it!"**

William Hazlitt, 1819

A reprint of this printing and message, on heavy paper, suitable for framing, is available upon request. Send a postcard to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Dept. H, 1 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

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